

DO COLLEGE GIRLS MAKE GOOD MOTHERS?

By A Woman Graduate

The Quiver

Sept.
1920

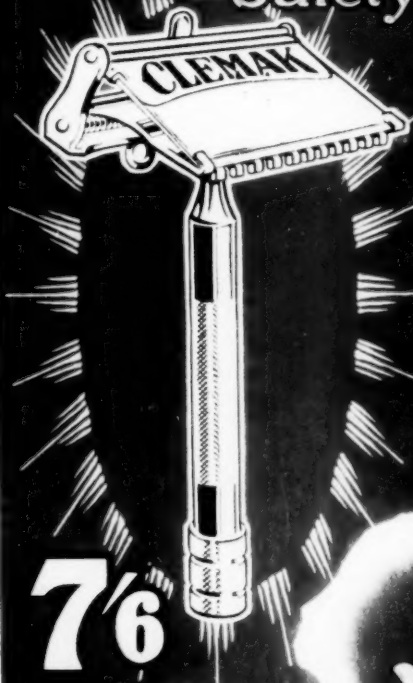
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Violet Hope.

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Child Completely Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



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Especially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

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THE QUIVER



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Every genuine "Hercules" Garment
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FREE OF CHARGE.

Most Drapers stock "Hercules." If
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FOR NEURALGIA,
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The New Course is the result of the unique experience that has been gained in training the minds of over 500,000 men and women of every age, type, occupation, and position.

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| —Brain Fog | —Lack of System |
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| —Shyness | —Mental Flurry |

which handicap so many people to-day and prevent them from getting on.

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which are indispensable to every man or woman who wishes to "make good" in any sphere of life or activity.

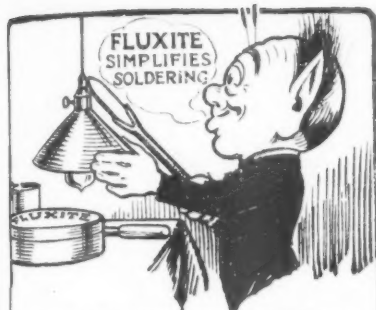
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GOOD TOOLS MAKE GOOD WORKMEN
Likewise

FLUXITE

makes everybody a good plumber.

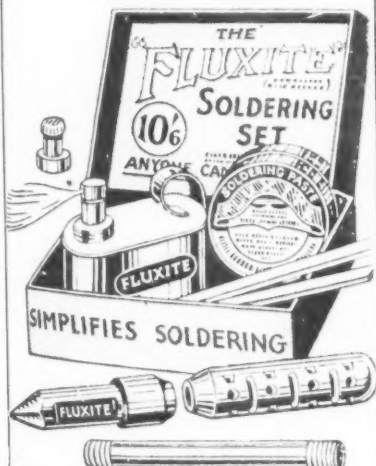
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THE QUIVER

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"Defiance"
REGD
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 photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and recovered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Union.

Send us your old Umbrella
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AND HER OPINION.

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Which interpreted means:

"If I can't be washed with my
'Wright's' I won't be washed at all!"

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Coal Tar
SOAP.

THE Nursery Soap.

The . . .

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Most Brilliant Light in the World

Here is the most brilliant gas-generating lamp ever perfected. In use in thousands of homes. A pure white light—brilliant, without glare, equal to 20 oil lamps or 300 candle-power!

Also HURRICANE LANTERN LQ 327 - - 70/-

300 Candle-power for Outdoor Use. Lights with matches—no torch required. Is wind-proof. No wick to trim. Mica globe—stands rough handling. Made of durable brass, heavily nickelled; will not rust. Burns 95 per cent air, 5 per cent petrol.



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Wonderful for Reading and Sewing.

Made of durable brass and steel, heavily nickelled and highly polished.

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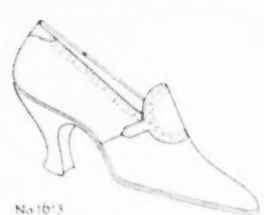
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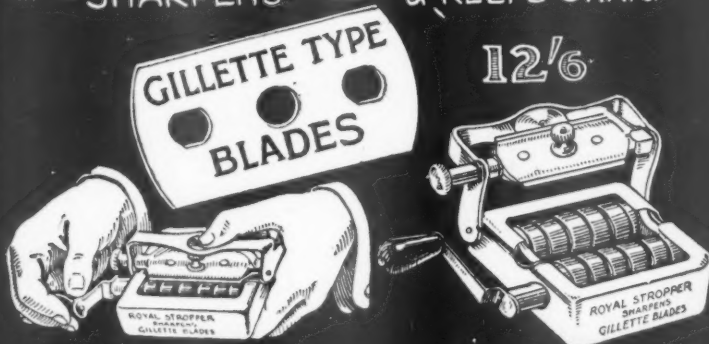
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Never confuse pure, light,
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and organic phosphates of
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should wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

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The Natural
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Style 2.

10/11 pair

Postage abroad extra.

Complete with
Special Detachable
Suspenders.

Stocked in
all sizes
from 20 to 30.
Made in finest
quality Drill.

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THE QUIVER

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Aching, Soreness, Swelling, Tenderness.

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REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

say about the only quick, positive, and never-failing cure for sore, tired, tender feet that ache, burn, smart, swell, itch, and develop corns, bunions, callouses, chilblains or other forms of foot misery. Also, you can stop any rheumatic pains within ten minutes.

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"I should advise all who dance much—and who does not nowadays?—to soak the feet daily in a bath to which a small quantity of Reudel Bath Saltrates has been added. They will then never know what it means to have tired, aching feet."



Photo Harris.

Maidie Scott

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"In one week I was able to walk without discomfort and commence practising my dances again. In three weeks my serious rheumatic attack was completely and permanently cured."

Harry Pilcer



Photo Spaine.

Miss **Phyllis Monkman**, the Musical Comedy Actress, writes:—

"It is wonderful for tired, tender, aching feet, or any other foot troubles. The medicated and oxygenated water has the same effect as that at famous spas."

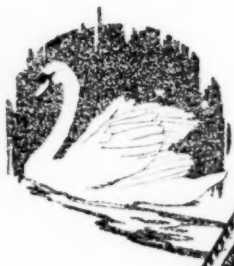


Photo H. G. Hays.

Phyllis Monkman

The Reudel Bath Saltrates compound exactly reproduces the highly medicated and oxygenated waters of celebrated curative springs. Prices: 2—a half-pound packet or 3/3 in the pound size. Obtainable from all chemists everywhere who are authorized to refund your money in full and without question if you are not satisfied with results.

THE QUIVER



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Make writing a pleasure.
Never a scratch or blot,
or awkward break in the
middle of a word—just a
smooth, easy glide over the
paper; that's what the
"Swan" Pen means to you.

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Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery 1/3, 2/9, 4/6

— New and Nice —

Choice Table Dainties—
made with ease.
WITH



Plumtree's HOME MADE
Lemon Cheese

Send 3d. for
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A choice Table Delicacy. Children love it.
The PASTRY-COOK'S FRIEND and DELIGHT.
A Splendid Spread for Bread or Toast.
AS GOOD AS PLUMTREE'S HOME-POTTED MEATS AND FISH.
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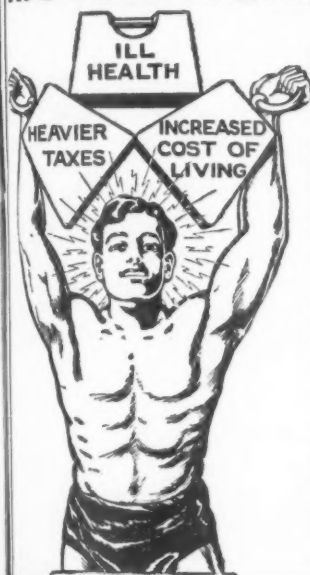
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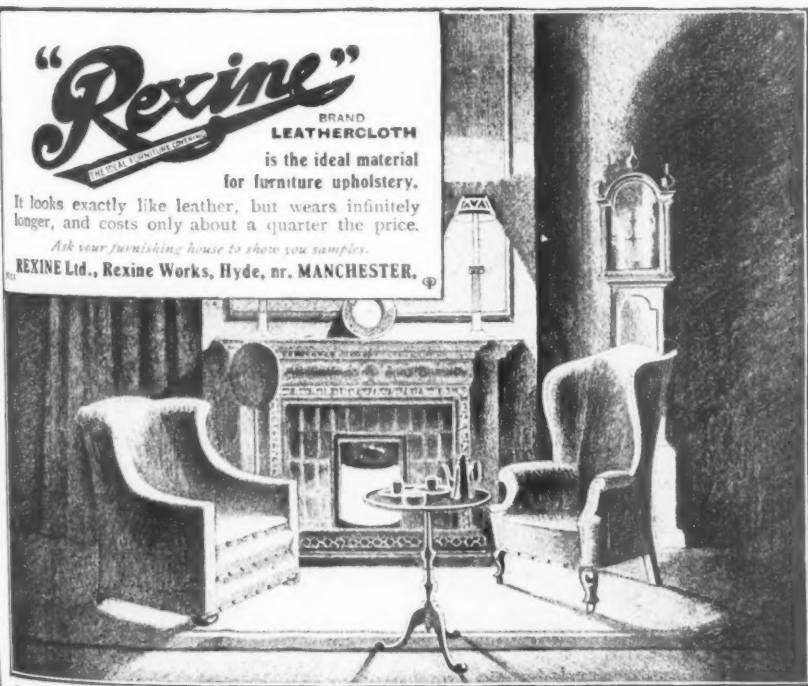
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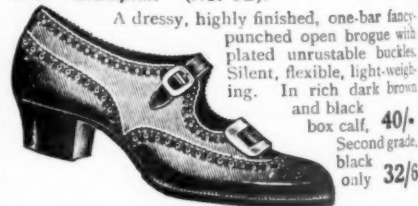
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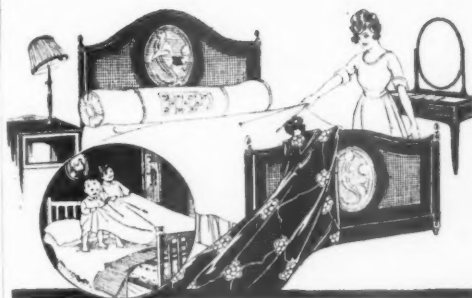
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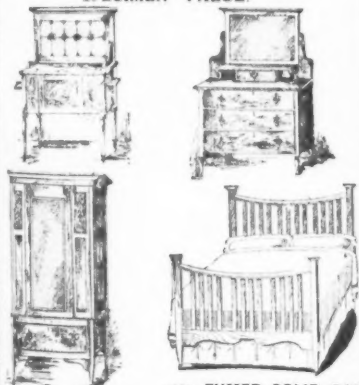
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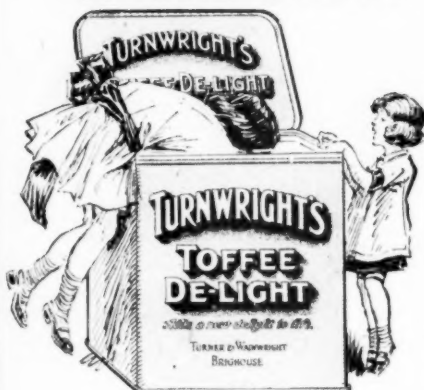
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The Editor's Announcement Page

Wanted—A Welsh Revival

Our Special Commissioner has been making investigations in South Wales, and reports that the unrest there is alarming. But he hints that the trouble is not merely economic; it lies deeper. What is wanted, he says, is another Welsh revival. Read his remarkable article in my October number.

The same issue will also contain "Literary Life in London," by Stanhope Sprigg; "Are Britishers Deteriorating?" by A. C. Marshall; "The Dread of Birthdays," by Mona Maxwell; "The Fate of a Frock," by Florence Bone; "Providence and Mr. Pascoe," by Michael Kent, etc.

There will be some important announcements next month about the new volume.

The Editor

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"——and then to sit
down and write of the
good time we are having!

"What a difference Water-
man's Ideal makes to one's
enjoyment! In the old days
letters had to be written in
boarding house or hotel, and
often it meant hurrying back
to write them in time for the
post. Now they can be written
at any time and in any place.
I wouldn't be without my
Waterman's Ideal for anything."





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No. 52, "Self-Filling," at 17/6. Also see No. 34,
"Self-Filling," with extra large nib, at 22/6 and No.
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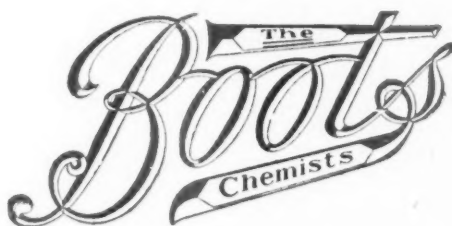
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By Mlle. Charlotte Sirier.

Does your skin chape or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth and soft. Just get some ordinary mercolized wax at the chemist's, and use a little before retiring as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough discoloured or blemished skin. The worn out cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp, only in almost invisible particles. Mercolized wax simply hastens Nature's work, which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

* * * * *

It is astounding the number of women who suffer from unsightly growths of hair on the face, and it will come as a piece of good news to know that there is a simple substance known as powdered pheminol which will remove it immediately and permanently. Mix a small quantity into a thin paste with a little water, and apply to the objectionable growths. In two minutes all trace of the hair will have entirely vanished, and your skin will be as soft and smooth as a child's.

* * * * *

The hair should be allowed to breathe, and the greasy film around each strand must be removed with a mild non-alkaline shampoo. Soaps should be tabooed. The very best solution for the purpose can be made by dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. It stimulates the scalp to healthy action, and at the same time leaves the hair in that soft, fluffy condition so much admired. Any chemist can supply you with an original packet of stallax, sufficient to make twenty-five or thirty shampoos.

* * * * *

One need not resort to the very questionable expedient of hair-dye in order not to have grey hair. The grey hair can easily be changed back to a natural colour in a few days' time merely by the application of a simple, old-fashioned and perfectly harmless home-made lotion. Procure from your chemist two ounces of tannalite concentrate, and mix it with three ounces of hay rum. Apply this to the hair a few times with a small sponge and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing your grey hair gradually darkening to the desired shade. The lotion is pleasant, not sticky or greasy, and does not injure the hair in any way.

Sweet Nell of Old Drury.
and King Charles II.



The Quiver

The Windmill

The windmill is not so complicated as the motor, nor so speedy. But it does its work simply, silently, efficiently. The principle on which it operates is simple reliance on one of the forces of nature. The wind blows: the wheels turn round—that is all. Man can bid defiance to the elements, can ride in the teeth of the gale—the windmill simply goes with the wind—and does its work.

There is room in this world for both motors and windmills; there is room both for the people of many talents and those who can simply use the ordinary forces of nature around them. If you can't be a motor, don't be ashamed of being a windmill. But whoever you are, use the talents you have. There is something you can do better than anyone else. Don't despise your work: do it.



"It wasn't till Mary was seeing Lavinia off that an inkling
of the real situation began to dawn on her"—p. 980

Drawn by
Stanley Davis

Just Mary

A Love Story
By
Anne Weaver

THE commonplace tragedy of the lonely man has been written *ad nauseam*, and so has that other hackneyed theme of the unselfish woman. But the story which I am going to tell concerns the two; it also concerns a cat and a canary; and the only one of the *dramatis personæ* for whom tragedy even hovered at the door—was the canary!

Everyone has met the unselfish woman. One has known her, perhaps, in one's own home, where she starts the day by finding out all the things that have got to be done, and that nobody wants to do, and allocating them to herself. One has met her in house-parties, where she makes everybody else feel rather uncomfortable by refusing ever to voice a definite wish to do anything or go anywhere for her own gratification.

Far be it from me to decry a virtue which, after all, is not too common; but there is this to be said against it—that, indulged in without discrimination, it is apt to become a stumbling-block to the weaker brethren. Wasn't it Rudyard Kipling who, dealing with the matrimonial difficulties of a certain husband and wife, stated briefly that:

"She was so good, she made him worse"?

And it is possible that Mary Beauchamp, when she uncomplainingly placed her time, her good temper and her capability at the disposal of her friends, had a certain amount to answer for.

On the other hand, she was just as certainly a heartening and a sweetening element in a good many lives. So what would you? She was just Mary. You might love her for her sweetness, rail at her for her humility, and—to your shame be it!—you probably ended by "putting upon" her as everyone else did!

She simply asked for it, the little brown thing, with her eager, sympathetic eyes and her ready helpfulness.

But it took a Lavinia Edgecumbe to make unblushing use of her under an assumption of kindness, to raise her to the heights of grateful happiness by making her believe that she was receiving an unlooked for

benefit, only to sink down again, with wry self-mockery, but with no bitterness at all, as she discovered exactly how much Lavinia's *soi-disant* kindness was benefiting Lavinia herself.

Mary Beauchamp was blessed with very little of this world's goods. She wasn't born to keep money, if she'd had it. She worked for her living as a fashion artist. Daily she went the rounds of the big shops and sketched the lovely creations that were worn by other women—by, for instance, her cousin Lavinia.

Lavinia served another branch of the arts. She was a more or less popular novelist, and she had a charming little service flat in Kensington. It wasn't an expensive flat.

Lavinia wasn't the kind of person who would ever make the mistake of being overhoused. She knew how to get the best value for herself out of her modest but comfortable income. She spent a good deal on those pretty clothes which Mary sometimes designed for her, and a little on a kind of entertaining which is comparatively cheap—afternoon teas and so forth—satisfactorily representing the sprat that caught the whale of expensive little dinners and suppers and theatres, at which "that delightful Miss Edgecumbe" was such a frequent guest.

She had her own maid, and when she visited at the various country houses to which no one thought of asking Mary she took her maid with her. On these occasions Mary always came and fetched away Lavinia's canary, and looked after it in her little back bedroom on the top floor of a resident club for working gentlewomen.

But on the occasion which forms the groundwork of my story Lavinia had an inspiration.

Why shouldn't Mary remove her modest belongings to the little flat in Kensington, and stay there during the three weeks or so which its owner was to spend on a round of visits?

"The rest will be so good for you, you

THE QUIVER

poor dear thing," said Lavinia with caressing condescension. "It must be awful living with a herd of women who are always expecting you to be sociable! You can pay me whatever you pay at that dingy cattery of yours," she went on with airy generosity, "and you'll be able to come back after your day's work to rest and be really comfortable."

It was quite surprisingly kind and thoughtful of Lavinia, and Mary hugged to herself the prospect. She wondered guiltily if it was very horrid of her to welcome so thankfully the thought of long quiet evenings, upon whose peace there would be no one to make tiring inroads, no little bits of work to do for anybody.

Lavinia's offer met with a grateful acceptance, and it wasn't till Mary had duly installed herself and was seeing Lavinia off at the door that an inkling of the real situation began to dawn on her.

"You'll look after the silver, won't you, dear?" Miss Edgcombe said. "I never let the servants here touch it, and it got into an awful state the last time I was away. Oh, and I meant to have told you—only it won't really inconvenience you; they can take the rooms in turn—but the flat's to be spring-cleaned the week after next. Keep an eye on things for me, won't you, there's a dear! Louisa usually puts all my knick-knacks away while the rooms are being done, and washes the china; but I know you won't mind just doing that; you're always such a helpful person. Oh, and the stuff for the new curtains only came last week, so Louisa hasn't had time to run them up. It's such a pity. I would have liked the place to be all nice and ready when I came back."

Lavinia's sitting-room had four long windows, her little passage three, her bedroom two. Mary's offer to make the curtains was a little soberly put forward.

"You *are* an angel!" Lavinia embraced her. "I shall think of you sitting here so cosily, with your books and your work—such a domesticated little mouse!"

She drove away in her taxi, waving affectionately at her cousin; and Mary—it was a Saturday, and she had the afternoon off—went rather slowly upstairs and stood in Lavinia's pretty sitting-room, looking thoughtfully about her. Lavinia collected old silver and bits of china. The little flat was perhaps a trifle overcrowded with them.

The sound of a footstep on the stairs

brought further home to Mary her rather depressing sense of responsibility. She hastily returned to the passage and shut the outside door, which, in her abstracted mood, she had left open. And the Lonely Man, who lived on the other side of the landing, threw a regretful glance back at the door which had closed just as he reached it.

He had not seen the occupant of the departing taxi. On the other side of that door he, blissfully unconscious, pictured the pale, distant loveliness which sometimes passed him on the stairs.

He admired Lavinia enormously. She was, he told himself, typically English, essentially one of those dignified, attractive women who represent the best class of that nation among which he had come barely six weeks ago, and with whom his lot would be cast for the next few years.

He was an American, come over to represent a big business firm, living for the moment in Kensington because a business acquaintance had offered to let him his flat, and because the idea of the locality had appealed to him. Redolent of romance he thought it, remembering delightful tales told him as a little boy by an old English lady, who had talked of it as the royal borough, and whose own mother remembered the bygone Georgian days.

He was chock full of romance, was James B. Hannel, simple and direct as a child in all that lay outside that world where he was well known as a shrewd and successful man. With no other section of the English world was he as yet familiar. The chief people to whom he had brought over introductions had happened to be all out of London when he arrived, and had not yet returned, and the stray acquaintances who had offered him hospitality so far had not proved very congenial. His solitude was already beginning to close him round quite oppressively, and inwardly he railed at the conventions which forbade his stopping Lavinia on the stairs and appealing frankly to her sense of neighbourliness. Most nice women would be ready, he fancied, to be kind to a forlorn stranger, if the thing could be properly managed.

But no doubt the lovely lady with the serene blue eyes hadn't even noticed his existence.

He was wrong there. Lavinia had already thought that he might be "nice to know." The housekeeper had told her that he was

JUST MARY

an American gentleman—and rich. But Miss Edgcumbe, who wrote novels of a rather advanced type, was essentially decorous in her own behaviour. Since no proper introduction seemed possible, there was no use in thinking of it.

So James B. Hannel read and smoked through long, solitary evenings, enlivened only by the society of a small and exceedingly inferior grey kitten, which had singled him out for adoption on a rainy night by mewling plaintively and persistently at his heels.

"I guess the liddle feller's about as lonely as I am," mused James Hannel, when he finally picked up the bedraggled atom. "Providence seems to kinder thrown us together."

He carried the kitten home, and the housekeeper sniffed a little—it was such an inferior cat—and then relented; it was so *very* small.

Thereafter it shared his lonely evenings, and the first occasion on which any other tenant of the block realized its existence was when, one day, it followed the maid out of the room and, getting itself shut out on the cold landing, bewailed the fact piteously.

He heard it and hastily fetched it in; but its wailing had provided him with the germ of an idea.

They say poverty makes strange bedfellows; and certainly loneliness often drives men to strange expedients.

Loneliness it was, and the lure of a pretty face, which inspired James Hannel one evening to watch through his open door for the maid who came to clear away his neighbour's dinner things.

He knew the geography of her flat as well as he knew his own. They had all, so the housekeeper told him, been built exactly alike. Just to the left of the entrance was the bathroom; the bedroom and sitting-room were at the end of the little passage.

As the maid disappeared up the passage he, greatly daring, slipped in behind her with the kitten in his arms, and in a flash he had opened the bathroom door, dropped the kitten inside, and shut the door on it again.

It should not, he thought, start to mew for some moments. By that time the maid would have gone, and when he politely rang the bell and asked if by any chance his little cat had strayed into his neighbour's domain,

his lovely lady would have to answer the door herself.

Fortune favoured the reckless; he got out unhindered and retired to his own quarters. After a breathless ten minutes of self-restraint he proceeded to carry out the rest of the programme.

There was quite a little flurry and commotion inside the door as he rang and waited. Someone was speaking.

"You're very sweet, but you oughtn't to be here," a voice was saying. And then the door opened and there stood, not his divinity, but a very pleasant-faced, flushed little person, who held the decoy kitten cuddled up against her chin.

"Say, I'm turrible sorry," he stammered, "but I was jest going to ask you if my liddle cat—"

"Had eaten my canary or not?" suggested the small person demurely.

"Oh, it sure cayn't have done that!" he protested in quick dismay. (Good heavens! was the canary kept in the bathroom?)

"No, it hasn't. But think how I *should* have felt if it *had*, and I'd had to meet my cousin when she returns with a dead canary!"

"When she returns!"

A blank disappointment fell on him. All his strategy had gone for nothing!

"Please don't be so distressed about it." She smiled at him forgivingly. "When you rang the bell I was just having my coffee, and I had poured out some milk for my visitor, so you see it is quite forgiven." She hesitated; then, with a pretty diffident hospitality which would have shocked the conventional Lavinia: "Have you had yours, or would you—would you care to come and share mine?"

Would he not! If she wasn't the rose, she was the next thing to it, and the shy friendliness of her warmed his heart.

Through that other open door he caught a glimpse of a pretty firelit room, which would, he felt, be redolent of the fragrant personality of his divinity, and he followed Mary gratefully into it. A birdcage swung near the window. Now, how in the world had the grey kitten managed to get to it from the bathroom? He couldn't very well ask.

"I'm taking care of the flat while my cousin is away," Mary told him.

She was fetching another dainty cup and saucer from the cupboard, and busying herself about the little coffee-table with that

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obvious pleasure in doing a service which was characteristic of her. No, she wasn't pretty, but she was very good to look at.

"I didn't know that the flat had changed hands," he confessed. "I've seen your cousin, times, on the stairs."

Mary had heard that note in people's voices when speaking of Lavinia before this. In its quiet lack of comment she read the old story. A man had seen Lavinia, and the memory of that vision lingered with him.

"She makes this room very pretty, don't you think?"

Of course, he wanted to talk about Lavinia, and Mary was willing to indulge him. She liked his face, and she liked his funny soft drawl.

"Vurry." He glanced round him with an air of appreciation. "She has a lot of pretty things."

"Her surroundings matter such a lot to her," Mary went on. "She writes books, you know."

Yes, James Hannel knew that his divinity was a novelist—the housekeeper had told him so; but he was willing to listen eagerly to all that Mary had to say on such an interesting subject. At the same time he was a courteous man, as well as a kindly, and he was quite ready to take an interest in Mary herself—poor Mary, the nearest thing to the rose!

"I should have thought that pretty things mattered to just everybody," he said earnestly. "I guess you like them as well as your cousin."

"Oh, I like them, yes." Mary made the concession with a retrospective thought of her own dingy little room at the Club for Working Gentlemen. That was what Lavinia had called it—dingy. She had furthermore described the whole place as a "cattery." It had made Mary squirm a little. One doesn't care to hear one's abode so described, however apt the description may be. But then Lavinia often made her friends squirm.

"But they're not so essential to some people as to others," she went on. "They don't matter quite so much to my work as to Lavinia's, for instance."

"You write too?"

"No. I'm an artist by courtesy, and a fashion designer and copier by profession."

"That must be verrry interesting work," he said. And to himself he commented: "She's a liddle poor relation, and the

other's sweet to her; has her stay in her flat, and gives her presents, maybe. A woman like she is would sure act just that way."

(Such a solid castle of real worth can a plain man build up from the slight foundation of two or three chance meetings on the stairs with—a pretty face!)

He lingered quite a long time over his coffee, and it was with distinct reluctance that he finally removed himself and the sleepy kitten. It had been—yes, in spite of his disappointment, it had been a really delightful evening. She hadn't actually asked him to come in again, but she had been charmingly sympathetic; and he guessed that if he and the kitten between them couldn't effect another *entrée*—

"But no canaries, liddle cat!" He deposited the kitten on the table in his own room and shook a warning finger at it. "You sure cayn't have all that you want, my son, jest when you want it. Maybe you were mighty set on that liddle burrd with the yellow feathers, but you got a saucer of milk instead; and I guess I was mighty set on seeing the pretty lady with the yellow hair, and I got a verrry pleasant evening with someone else, who hasn't got any yellow hair nor blue eyes, but who's jest as sweet as honey, anyway."

James Hannel let two evenings elapse without obtruding himself on his neighbour, and then felt he had respected her privacy sufficiently. So he carried his innocent feline accomplice down to the lower landing, and returning to the top floor without it, began a diligent search which necessitated much calling.

His neighbour presently came out to join in the search.

"Have you tried downstairs?" she suggested. "It seems to have rather an exploring instinct."

James Hannel owned thoughtfully that it "suttinly was a verrry enterprising liddle cat"; and Mary descended to the lower landing and found the kitten there benignly washing its face.

You are not to suppose that she hadn't begun to see through him; neither are you to suppose that she imagined his brazenly persistent siege as inspired by her own attractions. She understood that he had fallen in love with Lavinia at sight. It wasn't extraordinary that he should have done so. The only odd thing to Mary was that Lavinia should have reached the age



"Would you have me like her as well
as I like you?" he asked —p. 985

Drawn by
Stanley Davis

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of twenty-eight without marrying *one* out of the many men who had done the same.

Mary looked on Lavinia as very difficult to please; but Lavinia, as a matter of fact, hadn't any use for love at all.

Boundless admiration and deference were all that she wanted; and these must be brought to her in a Rolls-Royce, and manifest themselves through the medium of a large income generously squandered on—Lavinia!

That James Hannel could have filled these requirements was a possibility that didn't suggest itself to Mary when she decided that he would be eminently suitable as a husband for Lavinia. What impressed her was that he seemed such a nice, kindly, big, dependable man: good-looking, too, which was essential, since Lavinia's artistic temperament could be expected to brook nothing less than good looks in a favoured suitor.

Mary's own temperament was quite as artistic as Lavinia's. Her brown eyes found James Hannel's clean-cut features and broad shoulders just as good to look upon as Lavinia's blue ones had done. Therefore it was all the more credit to her loyalty that she sang Lavinia's praises so persistently to him; always with a little more of an effort, perhaps, as the days wore on and the habit imperceptibly grew on them of spending their evenings together as a matter of course.

Mary was not conventional; that is a luxury of those who are comfortably off. Once, even, when her sitting-room was being spring-cleaned, she let him persuade her without much difficulty to establish herself for that evening by his fireside instead of her own: and under the influence of the little thrill which such a bohemian invasion of a bachelor domain was bound to create in any well-regulated young woman, she had temporarily forgotten Lavinia. Away from the shadow of Lavinia's household gods, she had even allowed herself—poor Mary!—little foolish dreams of a romance which was only for such lucky women as Lavinia.

Whether the American noticed this temporary aberration she could not have told. Back, the next evening, in the other room, she saw him, with a little wry inward laugh at her own folly, sit gazing silently at Lavinia's photograph.

It was a big photograph, and it stood on a little table covered with silver *bibelots*,

which Mary, with light apologies to her guest for these household duties, spent the entire evening in cleaning. There were no shadows or blemishes on the lovely pictured face, or the long, slim, manicured hand which held the lace about the graceful throat. Mary, bending over her plate-powder and wash-leather, had a little earnest pucker between her brows; there were a few tiny lines about her eyes and mouth that betrayed weariness, and one small forefinger was roughened by needle-pricks. Her dress was more than a little shabby, and the lace about her throat had been mended many times.

The American had keen eyes, but they were only a man's eyes, when all was said and done. It is not often that a man's eyes see below those minor blemishes in that perfection which means so much to his superficial judgment. A woman badly dressed so often conveys to him the idea of a lack in taste, or of slovenliness, in the same way that perpetual busyness often gives him the impression that she is restless, or has a tendency to fuss.

James Hannel had two spoilt and petted sisters back home in "little ol' New York." He was accustomed to seeing young women sitting in graceful idleness as they talked to him or to other men. But Mary was always at work on something.

Then came the day when she had a letter from Lavinia, announcing her return on the morrow. She read it aloud to James Hannel as she sat with the last length of cretonne curtain heaped on her knee, and as she finished it she bent to rescue a reel of cotton from the kitten, which was chasing it round the hearthrug at her feet.

"Naughty!" she said with gentle reproach. "Don't you know that we must have these curtains up and finished by to-morrow?"

Her companion stretched out a long arm and removed the curtain.

"I guess they can wait a liddle," he drawled.

Mary knew what that meant. He wanted to talk of Lavinia; and she forced a smile of gentle raillery.

"You wouldn't have me disappoint Lavinia?" she asked lightly.

"Why, no, I wouldn't have you disappoint Lavinia." He repeated her words with a half-humorous, half-deprecating twinkle in his eyes, and Mary smiled back at him with a quick pang at her heart.

JUST MARY

There had never been any pretence between them as to his interest in Lavinia; it had been their meeting-ground, as it were. But this was the first time he had ever spoken of his yet unknown divinity in just such an odd, intimate fashion.

It wasn't like him; he wasn't in the least a man who took things too easily for granted. And Lavinia! Who could say whether he would please Lavinia or not? Mary knew that absurd, divine, maternal anxiety which makes a woman yearn to give a man what he wants, even though she break her own heart in the giving it to him.

"She—she means a lot to you?" she said slowly.

"She surely does," he nodded. "I guess your cousin must always mean a lot to me."

"And I—so much want you both to like each other when you meet," Mary went on hesitatingly.

Thereupon James Hannel, with sudden, blunt directness, said an unexpected thing.

"Would you have me like her as well as I like *you*?" he asked. She stared at him at first, and then a slow, painful blush crept over her startled face as she realized what shape a really truthful answer must needs have taken.

Hers was not a truthful answer when it came, but it took so long in the framing that even a man more unversed in women's ways than James Hannel might have felt justified in deciding that it didn't deserve serious consideration.

"Of course!" said Mary, with quite unnecessary emphasis.

James Hannel laughed very softly, and the deep note of satisfaction in his laughter held an undercurrent of tender irony.

"We've talked a turrible lot of your cousin, you and I," he said. His drawl lengthened over the last words; there was a queer little suggestion of a caress in it which made Mary suddenly catch her breath. "You've told me most all you knew about her," James Hannel said, "and all you thought I wanted to know. And I guess all the while I was learning more about you, liddle girl, then you ever reckoned to tell me."

Again she stared at him, speechless. How

should she have imagined, this innocent, ingenuous Mary, that whereas all her eulogies of Lavinia's beauty and pretty ways and cleverness had not been able to definitely reveal one really lovable or admirable deed to the credit of the young woman who did not scruple to use her poorer kinswoman as an underpaid caretaker, yet every action and word of Mary's own had testified unconsciously to her worth and sweetness?

He didn't tell her all this. He didn't explain to her that, when she set herself to cultivate the germ of his romantic sentiment towards her cousin, she had instead, with the best intentions, contrived to slay that germ with most hygienic thoroughness.

No; he was content to ask her, with a hitherto unsuspected and convincing eloquence, if she really thought a man could sit there evenings with her and not learn to love her, not ache to give her all the pretty things she ought to have, to take under his jealous care the life she was spending so freely on people who—who weren't worth a cent of it all? James Hannel hurriedly bit off the end of his sentence, with an unfriendly glance at the beautiful pictured profile of Lavinia.

"But—" Mary was breathless, rosy, incredulous. His big hand had closed over hers, his arm was round her, the cretonne curtains billowed unheeded about her feet, and the grey kitten chased the reel of cotton unchecked. "But you— It *was* Lavinia?"

He nodded gravely.

"Sure. I reckoned her jest the prettiest thing ever; and I reckon that liddle cat of mine figured it out that her canary-burrd was the vurry most enticing thing. Guess he's mos' forgotten all about it by now. Say"—a sudden memory struck him—"I've always been kinder set on finding out how on airth did that liddle cat get anywhere near the canary-burrd that evening that I—?"

Mary, blushing and dimpling, finished his sentence.

"The evening I saw you through the half-open door as you came away from the bathroom?" she said.



Scotland Leads the Way

*A Daring Experiment in
Local Option*

By A. B. Cooper

THE ancient question: "Stands Scotland where it did?" must now be answered with an emphatic No! An Act of Parliament, passed in 1913, the year before the outbreak of war, contained this sentence: "This Act shall come into operation on the expiration of eight years from the first day of June, nineteen hundred and twelve." To many ardent reformers this postponement of operation was a source of grief and annoyance. It seemed a far cry to 1920. But after being almost lost sight of during the stupendous happenings of the intervening years, the "Temperance (Scotland) Act, 1913" suddenly and dramatically emerges from obscurity to find itself a foremost item on the world's stage of events.

A World Event

Many things have happened to enhance its significance and importance as a world event. Passed almost without observation it re-emerges as a portent; born in the manger of obscurity it finds itself, eight years later, in a changed world, a world which, having poured its accumulated savings into the deep well of war, itself stands upon the brink of financial and economic collapse, and looks eagerly for the surest and safest and swiftest road back to financial and economic stability; a world which is inevitably destined to look for rehabilitation in increased human efficiency, an efficiency only attainable by the road of alcoholic prohibition.

We have the authority of Holy Scripture and of Shakespeare for asserting that the greatest and most helpful lessons are learned in the school of affliction, and if the scourge of war drove no other fact into our heads it drove this, that drink and efficiency are incompatible, that the only way to increase output, whether of the munitions of war or the implements of peace, is to reduce the facilities for drinking. But for the war the great object lesson of Drink Control, the wonderfully beneficent effect even of a partial restriction of hours and supply upon the nation's *moral*, would never have been presented to the nation, and many things

which are now in the category of proven fact would still be in the misty region of theory.

"Going Dry"

But the event which has made this Scottish Temperance Bill likely to be so epoch-making an enactment on this side of the Atlantic, is the mighty happening on the other side, in that cosmopolitan English-speaking community which is so vast, so populous, so wealthy, so powerful, so clever, that, although it occupies but a fraction of the mighty trans-Atlantic continent, we have come to call "America." When the House of Commons, over which Mr. Asquith presided in those far-off pre-war days, passed the Temperance (Scotland) Act the word "Prohibition" was little more than an occasionally used dictionary word which had some such general connotation as: "The act of forbidding something." For what does Prohibition stand to-day? For one thing only, the extinction of the traffic in drink. It means not "forbidding something," but "forbidding the drink traffic." It means, in popular and picturesque phrase: "Going Dry," and its greatest example is a "dry" America.

There can be no question that, apart from the world-war, the victory of Prohibition in the United States of America is the greatest world event of the new century. Yet the idea that it was a bolt from the blue, a sudden madness of a nation of cranks, a snatch-victory of a faction choosing a time of world-unrest as their psychological moment, is ludicrously erroneous. Scotland's Bill is indeed eight years old but the Bill which produced the nation-wide prohibition of the drink trade in America is far older. Prohibition was the logical and inevitable outcome of a system of long-existing and gradually operating and spreading local veto.

"Self-Determination" with the Drink Trade

The form of procedure has differed in different States; what has never varied has

SCOTLAND LEADS THE WAY

been the granting to the people by the people's legislatures self-determination, the machinery and power whereby to decide whether they would continue to have the drink traffic as an integral part of the life of the nation, or would protect themselves from its ravages by abolishing it. As always, experience has proved to be the best teacher.

There are drawbacks to Local Option as to any human scheme. When, on the chess-board of electoral areas, black and white are intermingled and adjacent, these drawbacks and disabilities and solecisms are plain to be seen. The "trek" to the drink area is seen on the Welsh border to-day every Sunday!

But the experience of America and Canada, whatever the trade's propaganda may state to the contrary, has been that the gain in the protected areas, after the elimination of the drink shops, is so great and marked, that it not only outweighs any possible disabilities, but leads the neighbouring drink areas to follow suit until nation-wide "dryness" ensues.

A Great Opportunity

Now this is the opportunity and machinery presented to Scotland at this moment. On June 1 this year the Act became operative after lying for eight years in half-forgotten hibernation, but not until November and December do the elections take place, which will undoubtedly close many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of licensed houses north of the Tweed.

The Act says: "The questions to be submitted to the electors at a poll shall be the adoption in and for such area of (a) a no-change resolution; or (b) a limiting resolution; or (c) a no-licence resolution.

"(a) If 55 per cent. at least of the votes recorded are in favour of a no-licence resolution, and no less than 35 per cent. of the electors on the register have voted in favour thereof, such resolution shall be deemed to be carried; or if

"(b) A majority of the votes recorded are in favour of a limiting resolution, and not less than 35 per cent. of the electors for such area on the register have voted in favour thereof, such resolution shall be deemed to be carried; or if

"(c) A majority of the votes recorded are in favour of a no-change resolution, or if no other resolution is carried, a no-change resolution shall be deemed to be carried, and

any resolution so carried shall come into force on May 28 next following."

Such are the three choices before the electors of Scotland. The Act stipulates that an elector can only vote for one of these resolutions, and that if a no-licence resolution be not carried the votes recorded in its favour, on the principle that the greater includes the lesser, shall be added to those recorded in favour of the limiting resolution and shall be deemed to be recorded in its favour.

232 "Dry" Parishes

It is certainly not generally known that there are at this moment, ere a single parish has been polled, 232 "dry" parishes in Scotland, practically all of them rural. Forfarshire heads the list with 28 dry parishes out of 53; Dumfries comes next with 21 out of 43; Perth, 19 out of 71; Aberdeen, 15 out of 82; Roxburgh, 16 out of 30; Berwick, 13 out of 32; Lanark, 12 out of 30; Peebles, 11 out of 14; and in Orkney there are 10 "dry" parishes out of 21. So that temperance has already got a start in the northern kingdom.

For the purpose of the Act there are no fewer than 1,300 voting areas, and the voting will be on the Local Government franchise. The electoral unit in the counties is the parish, in burghs with a population of less than 25,000 the whole burgh, and in the larger towns the municipal ward. With 232 parishes with no retail licence, it will thus be seen that approximately 17.8 per cent. of the Scottish divisions are already "dry."

The Just and Proper Way

This method of local veto has long been advocated in England as the just and proper way to deal with the drink traffic. Why should drink be exempt from the rule of the majority which operates in every other department of national life? We are constantly told that to deprive the working man of his beer is the straight road to revolution. Very well. Let us by no means deprive him of his beer. If he feels so strongly on the question of beer or no beer, let him, as he is in a large majority in the land, secure his beer by his own vote. If the drink trade is so sure of its ground let it welcome Local Option as the best way of regularizing and consolidating its position. With the votes of the beer-loving proletariat behind it what can it not accomplish? Why worry about

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Local Option when that very option will be exercised in its favour?

The Scottish Bill does not close a single public-house. What it does is to give the people the power and the opportunity to close the public-house if they so desire. But why should Scotland alone have this great boon? What has England, what has Wales done amiss that they may not also vote for and against a thing which so closely touches national well-being? The old idea of infringing the right of the individual to do as he pleases, whether his action be beneficial or inimical to the prosperity and morality of the nation, belongs to the realm of exploded myths. The liberty of the individual must only be exercised with due regard to the welfare of the community

Leading the Way

Scotland, meanwhile, leads the way; the rest will follow. It is inevitable, and the frantic propaganda of the trade is the best sign of the times. The trade is in a state of terror. It is an axiom of lawn tennis that if you can keep your opponent running you have got him beaten. The trade is in that state of hurried panic. It fears the people it has cajoled. It fears the very working man whom it traduces by its lying insistence upon his death-or-drink attitude. It fears also that triumphant national conscience which has successively swept away every organized evil which has become a menace to its national ideals and ultimate aims.

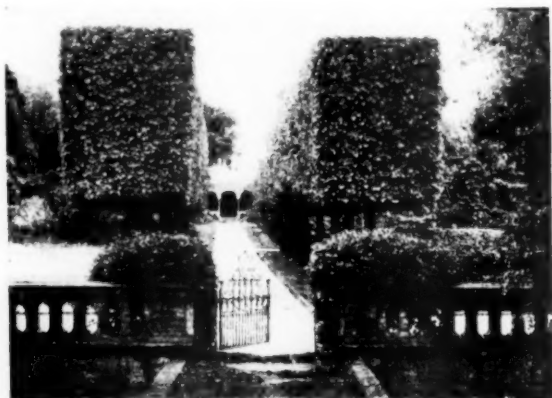
But even more than the silent and resistless pressure of the national conscience the

drink interest fears the pressure of American competition in the markets of the world. The apologists of the trade may cover the hoardings with advertisements which proclaim alcohol to be only second to milk and eggs as a body builder, but they know that in ten years' time a drinkless America will gain such an accession of efficiency that, despite sporadic labour troubles, common to these changeful and unrestful times, man for man her output will so greatly exceed our own that unless we follow her lead, not in Scotland only but in England also, we shall be left to pick up the crumbs of trade which fall from America's table.

A Safe Prophecy

Joseph Chamberlain drew an unforgettable picture of the possibilities and probabilities before this country if the hundreds of millions spent upon drink, money not only wasted but the source and cause of immeasurably more waste, were turned into other and nobler channels, devoted to the purposes of increasing our trade and commerce, and, incidentally, of increasing the self-respect and high ambition of the people which calls for, and gets, better houses, better conditions, better education—better everything!

Let Scotland, when the time comes to put the Bill to the test of the ballot-box, say: "We will no longer have this King Alcohol, beside whom the Kaiser was a philanthropist, to reign over us," and the result will be so unmistakable that it will not be long before Britain as well as America is "dry."



An Avenue of Limes

Photo: R. A. Maibg

Isaac's Harvest

The Story of a Hard Land— and a Hard People

By Michael Kent

FROM the plateau of Old Men's Meads one may look north to the sea beside Whitestall and south to the pinnacles of St. Eadhelm, where Bishopstone, mother of churches, dreams by the lazy stream of Wych, a pleasant land to see. But for all its joyousness of field and fallow, it is a hard land breeding a hard people. "Thick-headed and thrifty, like a Meads man," is the legend in Bishopstone. The truth is probably geographical, for farming on the Meads is no job for soft head and white hand.

If July does not lure a sea wind out of Whitestall to knock the crops down, a frost stalking on the heights in spring will nip the new-formed fruit, or parching June will lick the shallow ponds and send the Meads men carting water from infrequent wells. They are surely thick-headed folk who stay there, and thrifty they must needs be not to starve. Yet very few go away. The "hair," as they say, is pure.

The hard life breeds an austerity that is very English, silent, remote, steadfast in adversity, jealous of towns and strangers, unused to glozing hard truth with easy words. If that were the general character of Meads men it had ossified in Isaac Goodwin, for you may find in Doomsday this testament to his lineage: "In King Edward's day Godwin, son of Godwin, held it for a silver penny of the monks of St. Eadhelm." Goodwins had been in Old Men's Meads almost since the time when Ethelred christened Brantshire with fire, the burnt shire, in his effort to keep out the Danes.

The passage of years had done the Goodwins some discredit, for Isaac no longer held the whole vill of Old Men's Meads for a silver penny. He did not, in fact, hold a farm. Instead he paid rent of fifteen pounds yearly to Staple, the fruit-grower of Uphard Court, for a cottage and forty acres. No one else of the name of Goodwin now dwelt in Old Men's Meads. His only son had "gone forgn" and his wife had "gone home" to join the other Goodwin blood in

the sun beneath the south transept wail of the ancient church. Isaac, alone, pulling straw from a moistened heap to thatch a neighbour's stack, saw little joy ahead.

The Meads had faced a bad season. Wind had flattened out the growing corn, but that did not affect old Isaac, for he grew none. Blight had slain the potato crop, and there he had been hit. A good price and a quick market was the word that went with potatoes in the Meads. Isaac recalled that he had never known a better price. "There's ne'er a dozen roots worth pullin'," he thought as he straightened his back and looked across the level acres where his folk had walked as lords, "an' goodness knows how those missed the blight."

He filled the "dog," the long wooden V which held the straight-pulled thatching straw, and mounting his ladder began to spread the wet reeds upon the sloping roof.

"Hallo, Ike!"

Looking down, he saw the round, red face of the vicar upturned to him beyond the quick-set hedge.

"Arternoon, sir." He drove home the withies that pinned the straw in place and came heavily down. Mr. Poole had come through the gate.

"Making all snug for the winter?" he said cheerily, shaking hands.

"That's about it, Vicar. Though there's a won'erful little to take care for."

"Ah,"—Mr. Poole nodded sympathetically—"it's the same tale everywhere. Potatoes failed, eh?"

"Bare a root worth liftin', sir."

"Dear, dear," said the vicar. "And it's Harvest-home next Sunday."

"The Lord, He sent it, what there is," said Isaac simply.

The parson stared at him. Though he had lived among them for ten years these Meads folk were ever a surprise to him. "Come good, come bad, it is His," he agreed, and there he knew that he was but repeating a lesson they had taught him.

"That's about it," said Isaac, erect, one

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hand in his beard, his old eyes ranging the bare sweep of field. "Ave you 'eard anything of Jabez Skinner, sir?"

"I was in Bishopstone last night," said Poole, "at the hospital. It's critical"—he sought round for the vernacular—"chancey. The doctors say he'll never walk again."

Isaac turned away abruptly. "Ah," he said, "turble or'nary fall it was, to be sure."

"Yes," returned the vicar soberly. "We must hope he is going to do better than the doctors think." He was touched by the old man's concern for his unfortunate comrade. "You were at Uphard when it happened, weren't you, Ike?"

"I were pitching," said Isaac in a curiously low voice. "Jabez, he were on the wagon. Just toppin' off with a full load, he were. 'E never 'eard me call 'Stan' 'ard.'"

"Call?" queried the vicar, puzzled by the phrase.

"Stan' 'ard," repeated Isaac. "To tell 'im to stan' 'ard when the 'osses move. They jumped on pretty sharp too. Flung 'im clean off." He batted his eyes and looked away.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Poole. "We can only hope for the best." He turned on Isaac with a genial smile. "And are you going to bring me something for Harvest-home?"

Isaac straightened his shoulders. "You can reckon on that, Vicar, I allow. Ne'er a year has passed without it."

"That's right, that's right," said the vicar. He recollected that Isaac was proud of his connexion with the village. "I'll wager your folk haven't missed for centuries."

"That's about it," said Ike. "Not since William Conqueror, if Doctor Court tell truth."

The vicar waved his stick. "Good-bye, good-bye," he said. "I must go on and see Mrs. Holtham." And he set off through the gate.

Isaac slowly climbed the ladder to his stack. "Did I tell parson a lie?" he thought as he came down with the empty dog. "'E never 'eard me call 'Stan' 'ard,' I says, but I never told 'im as I called too late."

He went mechanically on with his work, pointing the staple withies and bruising them with a mallet upon a stone settle so that they would double over and pin the straight pieces that kept the thatch in place,

but all the while his mind was busy with a moral problem. How far was he the guilty cause of the fall of Jabez Skinner who would never walk again? He remembered how Jabez had teased him for talking of what Doctor Court had told him a little while before, that his name was in Doomsday. "'Ere comes the lord, Count Goodwin. 'E's the king of Old Men's Meads." "Pitch 'em up a bit 'igher, honourable king. I'm a 'ardening up." It was a running fire of this sort that had suddenly galled Isaac into action. He had dropped the butt of his pitchfork across the wheeler's hindquarters as the wagon was about to move on to another shock of sheaves and, a second later, called "Stan' 'ard." It was a second too late. Jabez lay upon the stubble with his back twisted by the fall, and Isaac paid with days of silent, agonized remorse for the momentary flash of rage.

It had been the culmination of a bad year. In the previous spring his wife had died. The potatoes had failed and work would be scarce in the long three months to Christmas. He missed his son in the lonely cottage, for young Ike had left ten years before to seek a fortune, and whether he had found it or not no one had ever heard. Yet under all the other blows the old man had looked out straight on the world from tight-drawn eyes, with head "bloody but unbowed," as Henley said. Only in this last matter, of which no man knew, he felt shamed, as though those old Goodwins, who had been in truth kings of the Meads long ago, might justly reproach him. "Goodins owe no man nothing," had been his up-standing boast, but now he felt that he owed Jabez Skinner the use of his legs, and he could never pay that debt.

He took his shears and straightened the edges of the eaves, stood back to give a look of approval at his skilful handiwork, then shouldered his "dog," and went along the lane home. A short man, in a hard round felt hat, a grey check coat, cord breeches and polished brown gaiters, was sitting upon his fence looking ruminatively at his plot. "One of these 'ere gen'leman farmers," thought Isaac. "What can 'e be arter?"

The stranger nodded a greeting as he came up. He appeared to use the brevity that belongs to folk who labour on the earth. "Got some taters up there," he said.

Isaac laughed harshly. "Fowerteen pun",

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"He had dropped the butt of his pitchfork across the wheeler's hindquarters as the wagon was about to move"

Drawn by
Dudley Tennant

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maybe," he returned. "They 'ardly bear liftin'."

The stranger chewed a wisp of straw dubiously. "You're luckier'n some," he said.

"That's about it," agreed Isaac. "There's Tom Hyde ain't 'ad e'er a one off his piece."

"Ah!" The stranger eyed the two near rows. "You got a top or two that shows healthy."

It was a curious fact that though most of the trenches showed barren, in one or two cases a plant stood up flourishing. Isaac thought, since something was to be sent up to the church for thanksgiving, he might as well lift a root or two and clean them ready. They were the best he had to give.

"Ealthy, maybe," he assented. "But I doubt if there's e'er a one underneath." He strode along and pulled a root up from the loose soil. It came pendulous with its load, a round dozen of really good-sized tubers, yellow-skinned and whole-some. "They're none so bad," he said, surprised.

The stranger had come through the gate and followed him along. "What's your seed?" he asked.

"Mixed." Isaac stood up, with his legs planted wide in the rows and a hand at his beard. It pleased him, to be sure, that he would have some sort of gift to send to the church that would accord with the dignity of the king of the Meads. "Lot of old seed, I 'ad," he went on. "Suffield Pride, Fairy Gold, an' such. Can't say what this might be."

The stranger nipped a late bloom from a flowering top. "Ever see a flower like that before?" he asked.

"Don't know as I 'ave."

"They're all alike, by the look of it," went on the stranger, smuggling the bloom into a big side pocket. "Those that stood the blight, that is. Will you sell me a stone?"

Isaac laughed harshly. "Stone's pretty well as much as I shall raise."

"Well," said the stranger confidently, "what's your price?"

"Nothing," returned the countryman.

"Mean you're giving them away?"

"That's about it," assented Isaac. "Givin' of 'em to the Lord."

"Sell 'em to me and give the money," suggested the stranger.

Isaac shook his head. "Tain't the same thing, mister."

A shrewd smile crossed the visitor's face. "All right," he said. "Richards is my name, and I'm staying in Bishopstone at the Fleece. If you change your mind, I'd like to know."

He walked to the gate. "Good night," he called cheerfully.

"Good night," returned the old man, big and black against the low gold of the sun. He stood awhile watching as the man made his way along the lane, then he turned into his cottage. "Tain't the same thing," he muttered, trimming his little lamp. His mind was ruffled with a vague, indefinite annoyance. "I give those taters to the Lord for East Brant 'Orspital. The Lord, in His mercy, send Jabez Skinner the use of 'is legs."

II

THE next evening Isaac took his humble offering up to the church. People were busily decorating—the crowd of dilettante workers who exchange parochial services for a chance of social intimacy with the vicar and his circle.

"And what have you brought us, Goodwin?" shrilled Mrs. Callow.

"Taters, mum," said Isaac awkwardly.

"Potatoes!" Mrs. Callow was dismayed. She was used to town life and the vain prettinesses that belong to city festivals. "What a pity you haven't any flowers. Potatoes are so ugly, aren't they? We won't quite know where to put them."

"The kindly fruits of the earth," murmured Isaac, vaguely resentful. "A thanksgiving unto the Lord."

"Wouldn't they stand piled at the foot of the lectern?" suggested a fellow-worker. "Goodness, no!" said Mrs. Callow. "Mrs. Staple would never forgive me if her hot-house grapes were not in the very front."

"I washed 'em all meself," said Isaac, with large, hopeless eyes upon the lady.

"Well, never mind," said she. "We'll find a corner for them somewhere. What we really want is chrysanthemums."

Isaac went sorrowfully away, though in the early twilight he lingered awhile at the mound, not yet a twelvemonth old, that hid his wife. Somehow he did not feel so lonely there. A vague resentment filled him. The thin mists climbed out of

ISAAC'S HARVEST

the valleys and made the fir trees ghostly, and under primrose yellow the sun sank rosy red.

Inside the church the choir was at practice:

"All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown."

"Unto joy or sorrow grown." The words smote Isaac's heart, for he thought of Jabez Skinner and the unlooked-for fruiting of his own seed of rage.

As he made off home by the Whitestall Road the carrier's cart passed him. "Did ye hear anything of Jabez?" he called to Jack Body, bent sphinx-like over the reins. "I jest put down Mrs. Skinner this very minute," said Jack. "She did say they got a great man from London to cut up his inards and try if he can't untwist him like. Reg'lar tore up, he is, poor feller, she did say."

And Isaac went home with grim imaginings.

At the corner of the lane he came upon Mr. Richards in the dark. "You haven't changed your mind about those taters?" asked the townsman.

"What'd I say yestidday?" returned Isaac.

"Said you'd given 'em to the Harvest Thanksgiving."

"That's about it," said Isaac, grimly ironical. "Good night, mister."

III

ON the Saturday evening he took the trap into Bishopstone loaded up with his merchandise—eggs, a couple of chickens, and miscellaneous vegetables—but prices were poor. The eggs and the chickens did not do so badly, but the greengrocers would hardly look at his red cabbage. Against his profits there was "feed."

"Chicken food is riz," said Mr. Butler. "That will be seven and nine."

"Riz to buy, not to sell," commented Isaac, counting out the money slowly. In a dazed sort of way he was looking ahead into the short, dark days when work was scarce. There was the celery, to be sure, but there wouldn't be much out of the ground till sprouts came on. There was the horse and pig and chicken to feed. In his pinched, numbed brain lurked the

idea that he ought to do something for Jabez Skinner. Since the hospital had shouldered his responsibility he owed the debt to the hospital. He would not be quit of liability until he had managed to pay. That was a king's view. Ahead, beyond it all, he saw loneliness and useless old age urging him on to "the house." "A pretty or'nary finish for the Good'n's o' Doomsday." He swung the sack to his shoulder and heaved it on to the tail of the cart, shortening the tail chain to hold it in place.

The old horse was eager for his manger and asked no whip, rattling off in the dark up St. Eadhelm's Hill. They had just got to Mother Sither's cottage at the top when Robin tripped. Isaac made an effort to hold him on the bit, but it was vain. He got heavily down and loosened the harness. One of the rods had snapped off sharp half-way down. He took a lamp out of its socket, and got the horse up, as far as he could see, with little damage. But there was the broken shaft to deal with. It began to rain. Somehow, in the dark and wet, he rigged a working tackle, though the short shaft joggled with the pull on the breeching straps, and he had to keep it off Robin's flank, walking at the side of the horse through a couple of miles of wet, dark, country road.

Over and over, dimly in his mind, recurred the Harvest hymn:

"Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home."

It held him in a hypnotic grip, so that no other thought found more than momentary place. "Come, ye thankful people, come. . . . Gee a bit, Robin, ye're getting into the hedge. 'Raise the song—' Whew there, boy. Whoa! Stan' still till I open the gate." He led the horse through and up to the door.

There was a light in the kitchen.

"Goodness sakes!" wondered the old man. "Robbers? Reckon they come to the wrong place."

He set down the baskets on the step, and went to put the horse up, for Robin had the first call on him; then he lifted the latch, and came in laden. A man of middle age was seated at the kitchen table reading a newspaper by the light of the little lamp.

"Why," asked Isaac, "where do you belong?"

The man looked up. He was bearded

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and brown, and by no means criminal to look at. His eyes, one might have noted, were used to wide spaces. "I'm young Ike," he said. "I come back."

The old man put down his baskets on the floor, and set the whip in the corner. "You come back," he said dully. "Where from?"

"Ah," returned the son, "that's tellin'."

Isaac went slowly across to the younger man. He looked him keenly up and down. "I'm glad you come back," he said at last, as he shook hands. He paused a moment. "Your mother died last March, Ike."

Young Ike nodded. "I 'eard," said he. "I seen Mr. Staple at Uphard. I—I been up over the fields."

"Ah!"

"Over the fields" was as near as Brantshire reticence could get to "the churchyard."

"Pity I were never back afore."

"There ain't much to come back to," said Isaac tonelessly. "But ye're welcome, Ike, to what there is." He clawed his beard. "Don't quite reckon to know where ye'll sleep," he said.

"Don't you fret for me," said his son. "Reckon I'm used to 'ard lying." He looked up curiously at his father. "You ain't as young as you was," he said.

"That's about it," agreed old Isaac. "'Tis the way of all flesh. What brought you 'ome?"

"Reckon a Good'n can't thrive out o' Old Men's Meads," said the young man shortly.

"Ah!" Isaac's eyes brightened. "What learned ye that?"

"Time," said young Ike. "Ere's where I belong."

It warmed the old man's heart to know that his son had felt the call of his land. It altered the face of things. At least there were two Goodwins now to face an unyielding world. He knew that, though no word had passed upon the subject.

"It's bread-and-drippin' for breakfast," he said after a pause.

"Ah!" said his son. "Times bad, Father?"

"Bitter!" The last word of his son's speech moved him strangely. He wanted to be off by himself to taste the warmth of it again. He got to his feet. "Reckon it's bedtime," he said. "Good night, Ike. Glad you come back."

"Good night, Father," said the younger man. "Glad I come."

East Brant is not used to protestation. Those admissions were all that either father or son required for full understanding. The halting silences were alive for them with feeling that it seemed profane to word. Half-way up the stairs the old man stopped and came slowly back. "I let Robin down," he said. "Top of the 'ill. Broke a rod."

"Don't you fret over that," said the son lightly. "We'll manage a new one some'ow. Robin ain't 'urt?"

"Nothin' to show."

The young man laughed. "We're all right, Father," he said. "Don't you fret about a broken rod."

And old Isaac laughed back as he climbed heavily up the stairs. "Young Ike come back, things were none so bad." He had never known in his dumb brain how he needed him.

IV

THE true Brantshire folk who guard their feelings so jealously from the world that even the objects of their love are not aware of it are, nevertheless, capable of some spontaneity upon occasions of public interest. There was quite an unusual briskness about walk and dress and greeting as the village that Sunday morning converged upon the little Norman church. Father and son passed the vicarage just when Mr. Poole came out. "Ah, Goodwin," said he, "I would like a word with you."

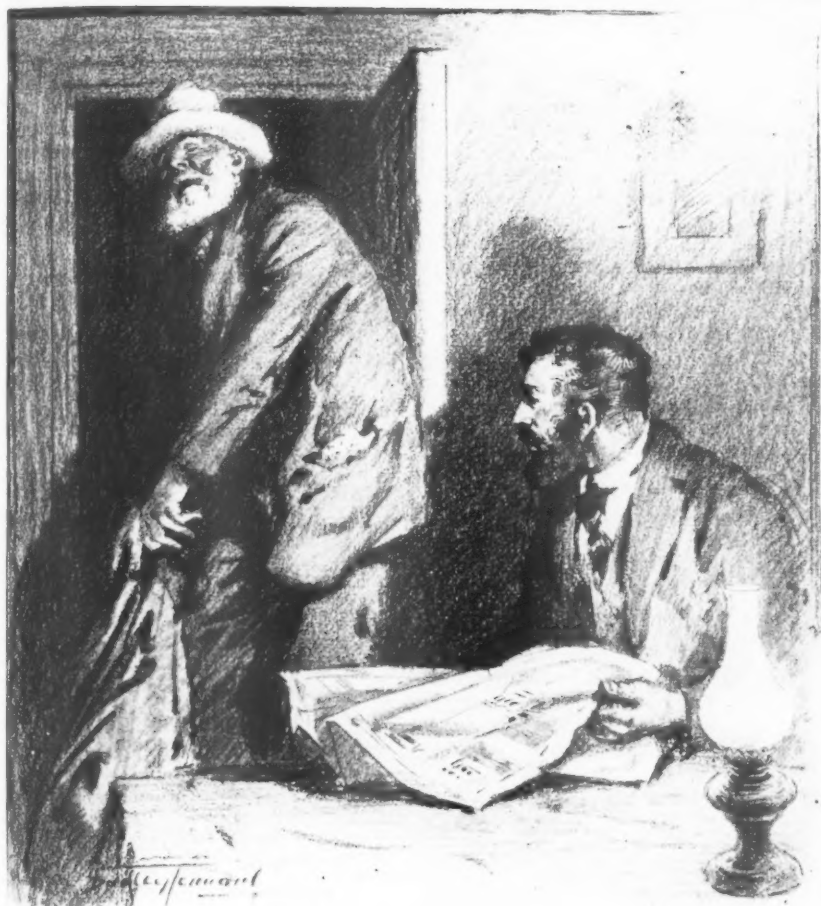
The young man forged a few paces ahead and left the vicar to his business.

"A gentleman called on me last night," said Mr. Poole. "He told me that he had seen some potatoes which you were sending to the church for Harvest Thanksgiving."

"That'll be Muster Richards," said Isaac.

"Yes, that's the man. He's a potato-grower himself, of Lincolnshire. He wanted to buy the potatoes from me, and the proposal appeared to me so unusual that I demurred, and—er—eventually I got an explanation from him. It appears that the Meads have suffered from blight, and—er—to be brief, black legs. Now, certain roots of yours have weathered these pests. He has examined them, and finds the lucky plants differ from all known varieties, and feels certain that by some chance you have produced a new type, a type immune from the—er—perils I have named, and therefore very valuable. So certain is he of this

ISAAC'S HARVEST



"Why," asked Isaac, "where do you belong?"—p. 993

Drawn by
Dudley Tennant

flat, taking into consideration the charities which will profit, he offers to pay fifty pounds for the seed, as a speculation, and I think you ought to know the value of your offering, since it was given, we may say, under a misapprehension."

"Fifty pound," said Isaac. "He'd give fifty pounds?" His jaw dropped. The money would see him through the winter and set his plot going for the next year in a way that nothing else could.

"Yes," said the vicar, smiling. "You hardly reckoned you were giving anything of so much value."

Isaac's eyes on the path ahead caught sight of Mrs. Skinner, all alone. "These yer operations," said he, "where they cuts you up, they cost a deal o' money?"

The vicar smiled. What maggot was in the old man's brain? "Some of them cost hundreds of pounds," he said.

Old Isaac turned almost fiercely upon him. "You keep the money," he cried. "It's give to the Lord for East Brant Orspital."

"But," the vicar objected, "it's so much more than you were prepared to give. So much more than you can——"

THE QUIVER

Isaac's disdain froze the word "afford." "You can't stop me givin' of it," he said coldly. "I've got my 'ealth, an' folk say I'm king o' the Meads."

Mr. Poole turned into the vestry, wondering whether he would ever understand his people, and Isaac strode on, high and masterful. He passed Mrs. Skinner standing by the ancient yew at the corner by the gate. "And 'ow is your good man?" he asked. That gift to the hospital that harboured Jabez had returned him a lot of self-respect.

"Fair to middlin'," she returned cheerfully. "They done an operation on 'im yes'-day, an' the doctors say it's give 'im back 'is legs. Come All Souls, 'e'll maybe be 'isself."

"Cured, d'you mean?" asked Isaac.

"Jes' as well as ever," said Mrs. Skinner. "This ye'r's a won'erful Thank-giving for me."

"Ah," said he, "an' me, too, missus."

He hurried on up the path, lightened of the load of responsibility which he had carried for many weeks. His son was in the porch talking to Mr. Staple.

"Very well," said Staple as he approached. "That's settled—as I'd say if it were Monday. Of course, it's no day for business, but to-morrow I'll agree, and come Christmas you can go in."

"Why," asked Isaac of his son, "what you bin doin'?"

"Jes' bought Pineapple Court o' Mr. Staple 'ere," said young Ike, with a grin. "Went to see 'im yes'-day, and now 'e's fixed it up. I ain't done so bad in Canada. You never thought I'd come back to the

Meads with nowhere to live, did you, Father?"

The last bell ceased abruptly, and they filed into the aisle gay with fruit and all aglow with nodding sheaves. The organ spoke its warning note. There was no need to give out the processional hymn, for generations of tradition had confirmed it.

The vestry door clicked, and with one accord the congregation broke into joyous song:

"Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home."

At the second line the organist gave up in despair. So it had ever been. This was the people's tribute to the Lord for the miracle of increase.

"All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin."

With hardly a pause between the verses, with never an eye upon a book, it swung majestic to its close:

"Let Thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
All upon the golden floor,
Praising Thee for evermore.
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home."

"Didn't the old 'king' just sing out!" whispered a superior young man to a companion in the choir.

"Ah!" was the reply. "Reckon he's a bit set up 'cos 'is taters is on the organ board."

There was something in that.



Harvest-Time

Photo: J. G. Little

Do College Girls Make Good Mothers?

A Woman Graduate

"OH, yes, So-and-so married a blue-stock, didn't he? Poor man! I don't expect she can even boil an egg! It's to be hoped they won't have any children, for I suppose she will teach them Greek in their cradles and neglect their poor little bodies altogether!"

It is extraordinary how often one hears that kind of remark, even in these enlightened days. There are still comparatively few people who really recognize that college girls, far from being undomesticated and altogether unwomanly, frequently make the very best wives and mothers, and that the ability to read Sophocles in the original or an acquaintance with conic sections has no damaging effect on the character or the ability to cook! Why should it have?

Brains—and Cooking

As a matter of fact, the type we call to mind when we hear the word "blue-stock" hardly exists nowadays. There are a few dowdy, unattractive, unnatural specimens of womanhood among the "brainy" sisterhood, of course, but then so there are outside it as well, and the majority of college girls are nowadays quite indistinguishable from their less learned fellows (except that they are as a rule more interesting to talk to). When I was at college a favourite axiom of the group in which I worked was to the effect that anyone could be a B.A., but that only a few people could be properly frivolous, and that fewer knew how to cook. We set ourselves to practise both frivolity and cookery, and succeeded, so says tradition in that college to this day, extraordinarily well. Incidentally we took our degrees.

One of the most attractive girls I know is also quite the most learned. She is an asset to any social function, she is musical, she can run a house, she is nice to look upon, she can evolve a Paris hat or a dance frock with the greatest of ease from the most unpromising of remnants, she talks nonsense quite satisfactorily, and she is perfectly happy making sand castles with a crowd of

youngsters at the seaside. Few people meeting her casually ever guess that she is a Doctor of Science. But she is.

And as far as the sand-castle business is concerned, at any rate, she is no exception to the general run of college girls, of that I am absolutely convinced. I have known hundreds of them, many of them intimately, and it is only with difficulty that I can recall one or two who did not care for children.

The girls who say, "Oh, I don't know much about children—they don't attract me—they are such tiresome little things," are, according to my experience, almost without exception girls of quite a different type, namely, the butterfly, all-for-pleasure class who have never gone in for anything seriously and never have any "worth while" interests in their lives. And these, not the misjudged college girls, are the ones who, marrying in the same thoughtless, unconsidered way as they have done everything else, expect marriage to be all play, become querulous, unsatisfactory wives when they discover their mistake, and talk of babies as though they were little nuisances and nothing else, often declining to have any of their own at all.

Education and Marriage

No, the higher education is not to be blamed for the attitude that unfortunately prevails nowadays among a certain section of Englishwomen towards motherhood and its responsibilities. The sooner that fact is recognized the better. Cultivate the women's brains and the result will be beneficial to the race instead of the opposite. Are not the nations that treat their womenfolk as brainless, soulless cattle the nations that always count least in everything? Were not the Romans as fine a race as ever inhabited the earth? Those who are interested in social problems are not slow to connect their greatness with the fact that the Roman matrons were clever, educated, cultured women who recognized true virtue and followed after it with intention. No

THE QUIVER

race can be great unless its women help it to be so, and the more Englishwomen broaden their minds in every possible way, the more they develop their talents, and the more knowledge and skill they acquire the better it will be for England.

Let us see why this must be so from the special point of view of child-welfare and national well-being. That is to say, let us think why well-educated women will, other things being equal, make the best mothers for the rising generation.

Things that Matter

First, *they have learnt to be interested in vitally interesting things.* Children are the most interesting things on earth and provide us with the most fascinating study. Many women know this instinctively—but many do not. And the college girl who has learnt values finds that a child, with all its wonderful possibilities, attracts her because it is one of the "things worth while" that she has learnt, unconsciously perhaps, to appreciate. And are not interest and appreciation only components of the great thing we call love?

I wish some of the old-fashioned wisecrackers who maintain that a clever woman is necessarily unfeminine could see a women's college on the occasion of a visit from an old student who has married and who comes back to exhibit to former lecturers and professors and companions that wonderful treasure—her first baby! It is a sight I have seen many times, and once seen it is never forgotten. The flying feet along the corridors, as the news spreads and the students hurry from lecture rooms and laboratories as soon as they may; the babel of talk and the fire of questions that assails the proud mother ("How old?" "How many pounds?" "What names?"); the competition for the joy of holding the precious mite for a moment—all these things might be described, perhaps, but there is one thing that is indescribable, and that is the light on those girls' faces as they look at the precious baby.

No one can doubt that they are child-lovers, these college girls, take them in the mass. And they are not ashamed of it. One can imagine companies of women where the mother's hat would arouse more interest and comment than the baby, but not here. Here false values give place to true, and the child, the most valuable thing on earth, reigns supreme.

Women who Face Facts

Secondly, *they usually face facts and take responsibilities more seriously than many other women.* They do not, as a rule, rush into matrimony for the sake of a home or because they are sick of parental control without stopping to think what they are undertaking. A college girl who marries generally has well-defined ideas of the way she intends to manage her household, knowing that she will have difficulties and hardships to overcome, and does not leave things to chance and "worry through" in the fashion beloved of the careless, thoughtless, irresponsible housewife who drives her husband to the club for a little comfort and peace. Also she faces the possibility of the advent of children, and in nine cases out of ten thinks it wicked to decide she will not have any, and foolish to marry, as some girls do, on an infinitesimal income that barely suffices for two and certainly leaves no margin for a family. Not that she is necessarily mercenary—she may be, of course, for I do not maintain that all college girls are paragons of all the virtues. But the point is that she does use common sense in dealing with situations.

The Value of Exact Knowledge

Thirdly, *they know the value of exact knowledge.* One often hears the expression "mother's instinct," and there is a prevalent idea among many that this supplies all the knowledge necessary for the rearing of children. We are told that in the "good old days," when it was scarcely decent for a woman to know anything except how to work a sampler, and when the whole aim and object of a girl's life was to capture a husband and "settle down," children were more wisely and successfully treated, and that they were stronger and healthier than they are now, because the mothers trusted to their instinct instead of having "new-fangled notions." Now that of course is a lot of nonsense. Mother's instinct is a wonderful thing and can teach a woman much, but to say that it can detect the signs of short sight in a child or instruct in the proper treatment of rickets is the very height of absurdity. If it can work these miracles why is there such an unnecessarily high infant mortality among the very poor? And why do workers in, for instance, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children say that they are fighting ignorance rather

DO COLLEGE GIRLS MAKE GOOD MOTHERS?

than intentional cruelty half the time? A girl with a knowledge of hygiene and physiology has a distinct advantage over her less-informed sisters, and a girl who has extracted knowledge from books in systematic fashion turns naturally to the right books to correct her own ignorance when she finds it necessary.

Willing to Learn

Moreover a college girl does not mind admitting that she is ignorant when she is. To recognize and cure her lack of knowledge has been her training all the time, and she is as willing to acquire sound facts about her babies as she was about other things. And I defy anyone to prove that this is not for the good of those babies.

As for our great-grandmothers—we might follow their example to advantage perhaps in some ways, but in the treatment of children we should rather take warning by them! As far as one can judge, the poor little things were strong and healthy simply because all but the very hardiest were killed off very young! Imagine a delicate child surviving a cold winter when dressed in a short-sleeved, low-necked little garment and thin low shoes. Think of one with a tiny appetite and a tendency to indigestion being kept on bread and water for a day because it found it absolutely impossible to choke down its allotted portion of fat. But our ancestors did this kind of thing as a matter of course, not because they did not love their children, but because they were ignorant of facts that seem to us now self-evident. No, instinct can never take the place of reasoned knowledge or of understanding of cause and effect.

When the Children Grow Older

Fourthly, *they are the best mothers for older children.* Some women with no pretensions to learning will pick up so much by experience and hearsay that they will deal quite satisfactorily with infants, but as soon as their children grow out of babyhood they lose touch with them, in fact it is not too much to say that to some extent they lose interest in them. The boys and girls go to school and you hear the mothers say they

have "got beyond" them. It always seems such a pity, for the mother ought certainly to exert an influence over her children even after they are quite grown up, and how can this influence be strong or vital if she does not enter into their interests or know what is occupying their thoughts? There is no need for parents actually to help children with their school lessons; in fact it is better that they should not, but they can teach them in a hundred ways that the school cannot, and most authorities are agreed that only those children are really well educated who have had the advantage of living in a cultured home with sensible, well-informed parents. *Parents*—mind you, not with a well-informed father, and a mother who says: "Oh, don't bother me! I don't know anything about that!" when appealed to for an appreciation of a dissected chestnut bud or an opinion on the wickedness of Lady Macbeth!

Training for Motherhood

I knew one girl who became engaged shortly before she took her B.A. degree, but instead of leaving college as soon as this was accomplished, as some girls would have done, she took the course for the teachers' diploma, a year of strenuous work, including both theory and practice, although she did not expect ever to do any teaching. And the reason she gave was this:

"One learns an enormous amount about children during the course, and although there is so much to know about them that I suppose one can never learn *everything*, I do want every little bit of useful knowledge I can get—in case I have any of my own."

That is the spirit of true motherhood, the desire to give the very best possible chance in every way, physical, mental and moral, to the little ones, not merely to give them life and a little unavoidable attention in babyhood. Mothers like this will be the best asset that England can have. Let the fact be recognized by those who wish their country well, and let those who are now trying to strengthen and improve the race encourage women's education as one of the methods of doing it.



The Amazing Episode

A Quixotic Tale
By
Dorothy Marsh Garrard

SHE sat exactly opposite to him in the Tube. She had a pale face, clear-cut delicate features, and eyes—so he decided—which must be grey. He waited with idle curiosity for her to raise them so that he could make sure. But when she did look up he didn't even notice their colour, for never in any woman's face had he seen such a pitiful intensity of despair.

Dick Heriot was not an imaginative, not even a particularly sympathetic, young man. He was matter-of-fact, he had been called stolid. But the look in the girl's eyes stirred him to the depths. It was like the look of some trapped animal appealing vainly for release.

Until the train stopped at the next station he never took his gaze from her. As for her, it was plain that every passenger in the long carriage might have looked at her and she would never have seen. She was dressed in black, a plain black coat and skirt. Her clothes were not of bad cut, but worn. She carried her gloves—possibly a feminine observer would have guessed because they were too shabby to put on—and her hands were ringless except for a plain gold band on the third finger of the left. Although she looked so young she must, then, be married or a widow.

The train stopped. As the conductor bawled the name of the station, with a sudden nervous start she roused herself. She got up hurriedly, and Dick, whose destination was much farther on, rose to his feet too. If anybody had asked him why, he could have answered with perfect truth that he had not the least idea.

They were right at the end of the procession of alighting passengers. Dick almost got shut out of the lift, but he just managed to slip in behind her. He stood stiffly erect, not even glancing at her, until they reached the level of the streets.

The station was Prior's Park, one of those stations that, except to natives of the neighbourhood, are seldom more than names. Dick had never been there before. The Tube entrance was in the High Street,

quite a busy thoroughfare with shops on each side of it. The girl turned to the left and walked swiftly along. Dick followed her. In a few minutes she turned down a side-street, quite respectable but deadly dull. On each side of it were maisonnettes in pairs. About halfway down the road she stopped at one of the gates and went in. The young man, who was close behind her now, heard her key turn in the lock as she opened the front door.

For the first time the extraordinary nature of his behaviour came over him. To track a perfectly strange girl just because she looked unhappy! It was absurd, almost insane. He was about to turn away and retrace his steps when he noticed, in the gleam of a lamp which stood just outside the door, the glitter of the Yale key which, with the carelessness of woman, she had left standing in the lock. Again amazing impulse came over him. In two strides he was up the minute front path, his hand was on the door. As he had expected, it was not shut. Gently he pushed it open, passed through it, and stood in the hall. As he hesitated in the narrow, dimly lighted passage the sound of voices came distinctly to him; or rather, one voice, that of a man, rasping and raucous. It came evidently through a door slightly ajar at the back of the tiny house.

"You've not brought it!" The words came clearly. "You just stand there with that wretched cry-baby look on your face and say you've not brought it!" Here the voice was raised in shrill parody of a woman's tone. "You—" The words of abuse that followed made Dick's jaw set grimly. He had been through the war and heard soldiers talk, but he had never heard such words used towards a woman.

"No; but, oh, Len! I tried. I did all I could." It was the girl now who was speaking. Her voice was piteous.

"Then you can just go back and try again. Don't show your face here till you've got it. I don't care how, but a pretty woman like you—at least you'd be

THE AMAZING EPISODE

pretty if you weren't so — pasty—ought to find it easy enough. But if you poke your nose in here again without it I'll shoot you. D'ye understand? Now hop it!" Another burst of foul language came, worse even than before. In a second Dick would have hurled himself down the passage, burst the door wide open, but, before he could move, it had opened quickly from the inside. The girl came out. She looked half dazed, her eyes were full of tears. Blindly—she almost brushed the young man's coat as she passed—she staggered to the door, pulled it open, and went out.

For an instant Dick hesitated. He wanted to go in and thrash this beast, this brute, who could speak thus to his wife, until his every bone should ache. He wanted to with all his heart. But if he did he would lose sight of the girl. Quickly he changed his mind. As he stepped out on to the doorstep he saw her disappearing along the way they had come. She was evidently going back—going back to try again.

Dick ran. With long easy strides he quickly overtook her. She half turned as he came up to her. Her face now was set and whiter still. With authority in the gesture he laid his hand upon her arm.

"Look here," he said quietly, "I know all about it, and you're to come with me." He saw first fear, then a sort of curious relief come into her eyes.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked, her tone as quiet as his own. Only hers, he realised instinctively, was the quietness of despair.

"I want you to—" For a second he hesitated. In truth he had not the least idea what he wanted her to do. Then suddenly he noticed how pinched and drawn her face was. There was something in it

besides trouble of spirit. "The first thing you have to do is to come with me and have something to eat," he went on hurriedly.

Without comment she walked along at his side. When they reached the High Street he shepherded her across the busy thoroughfare. At the opposite side he had noticed, as they came along, a gaudy illuminated sign bearing the words "Café Royal." Inside the restaurant was quite passable, a long narrow room with neatly arranged tables and clean-looking waiters. At the end of the room was a raised alcove with two tables in it. In a minute Dick and the girl were sitting opposite to each other at one of them.



"As he hesitated in the dimly-lit passage the sound of voices came distinctly to him."

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

THE QUIVER

"Here, bring some soup, waiter, the best you've got. And you might be as quick as

you can." Again Dick spoke with authority, and the waiter, who in one glance had taken in the fact that the young man was not such as usually patronised the Prior's Park Café Royal, bestirred himself. In a minute the soup was in front of them. While the girl took hers, Dick studied the menu and ordered chicken and sweet omelette to follow. When he glanced up her plate was already empty. A faint colour had come into her cheeks.

"When did you last have anything to eat?" he asked severely.

"Oh! I don't know; this morning—I had some breakfast. I've forgotten since." She spoke vaguely, apologetically. He knew quite certainly that she had had nothing since the morning.

"It's very foolish to go so long without food." His tone was purposely matter-of-fact. While she ate chicken with avidity and the sweet with less eagerness he talked casually of such things as the weather and the finer arts of cooking. She answered in monosyllables. He himself made a fair meal. When they had finished he ordered coffee.

"May I have a cigarette?" he asked



"That! Why that's not a wedding ring. It was my mother's"—p. 1004

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

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gravely. When she had given her assent he lit one. Across the table he looked at her.

"Now tell me all that's happened," he said directly.

"But you said you knew?" she parried, painful recollection in her eyes.

"I know that you have been disgracefully, abominably treated. I know that you have been turned out of your home. What was it he sent you for?" Swiftly he asked the question.

"It was money." Her cheeks were flushed now. She did not raise her eyes to his.

"So I thought," he nodded quietly. "Where did he send you to get it?"

"He sent me to a friend of his—at least he was a friend once. He's a hateful, horrible man; he always was, but he's worse now he's made his pile. He's a music-hall agent." She was speaking rapidly now, her voice full of indignation. "He's helped Len before, but to-day he wouldn't. He said he wasn't going to let him sponge on him for ever. That is unless—unless I—" Again the look of misery came into her eyes, her voice trailed off miserably.

"I understand," Dick spoke quickly. He wished to spare her further details. And fierce indignation was rising in his heart. "Why doesn't he work and get money for himself?" he said, almost without meaning to speak. "Why don't you go away and let him fend for himself?"

"He can't. He's partly paralysed, you know, since the war. He has a small pension. That's just it, you see. I can't go away and leave now that he's a cripple and hasn't any friends and such a little money."

Dick leaned back, his cigarette forgotten, gripping the table with his two hands. He was not as a rule of quick imagination, but the picture, the mental picture, her words put before his eyes was too horrible. The brute of a husband—for brute he was, even if he were a man broken in his country's service—the wife, a young girl, tied to him irrevocably just by reason of his infirmity! There was no way out, so it seemed. It would just go on for years and years—until she was broken too.

"Len was always extravagant," she went on half apologetically. "He never could save anything. And he was always rather violent in his temper. Now, of course, he's worse. I suppose he can't help it." She gave a little sigh.

In his own mind Dick thought that nothing could make excuse for the words he had heard. But he did not answer. He was trying to concentrate his brain on other things.

"It's hard luck," he said at last, "almost as bad as can be. Still, nothing's hopeless."

She looked at him with parted lips, her eyes full of trust and expectation. It was extraordinary, it struck him suddenly, that she should ask no questions, take it for granted that he would help her.

"My name is Heriot, Dick Heriot," he began deliberately. "You may possibly have heard of the Heriot line of steamers. My father owned it before it was turned into a company, and even now we hold most of the shares. He died last year. So you'll understand I'm a fairly wealthy man. I'm not a clever chap, but I'm honest and above-board."

For an instant their eyes met. His brown ones and her grey— Yes, they were grey.

"I know that," she said quietly.

"And you're going to let me help you. I think—" he hesitated awkwardly, for, as he had said, he was honest by nature. "I think we should do all we can for men who have suffered through the war. It is a national duty. I'll come along with you now. By the way, I have forgotten your name."

"Kerr—Janet Kerr." She looked at him for the first time a little curiously. Perhaps it struck her as odd that he, who knew so much about her, should not even know her name.

"I shall go to him then and say, 'Mr. Kerr, I have a proposition to put before you. I will agree to find you comfortable quarters, a little house at the seaside or in some pleasant town; I will pay all expenses, and I will engage a decent man to look after you; I will have a good doctor attend you to see if anything can be done to improve your health—all this on one condition, that, out of every year, you allow your wife six months' freedom.'"

It was a poor suggestion, and he knew it. His motives might be hopelessly misconstrued. Of course the man would be a fool if he refused. He would not refuse, Dick knew quite well. But possibly the girl herself, nightmare as her present life was, would feel it was her duty not to leave her husband. He looked up, half expecting to see disappointment in her eyes. Instead he saw only astonishment.

THE QUIVER

"His wife! Len hasn't got a wife; he's only got me," suddenly she burst out. "Surely, surely," she spoke slowly as understanding of his mistake dawned upon her, "you didn't think I was his wife instead of his sister?"

"Yes, I did," Dick spoke sharply. In some intangible way he felt he had been deceived. "If you're not married why do you wear that ring, then?" he added, pointing an accusing finger at it.

"That!" Quickly she glanced down at her hand. "Why that's not a wedding ring. It was my mother's." She twisted it round upon her finger till one small diamond came uppermost. "I always wear it, but lately my hands have got so thin it keeps on slipping round. But you said you knew all about me." Her voice was accusing now. "I don't understand. You said you'd forgotten my name, and now you thought I was married!"

It was Dick's turn to blush. He glanced round him uneasily. The restaurant had filled up, and the people at the other table in the alcove were looking at him curiously. He saw one of the men whisper something to the other with a leering smile. Evidently Dick's overcoat with its heavy fur collar, which he had thrown carelessly over the back of a chair, told its own tale. He felt furiously angry as he realised what they were thinking of him.

"Let's get out of this," he said quickly. Hurriedly he paid the bill. But when they were once more outside he felt there was something different in the girl's attitude towards him. She no longer allowed him to take her by the arm as they crossed the crowded street.

They reached the other side. She made as if to turn away. Desperately he turned towards her.

"You don't believe in me any longer," he began abruptly. "You think I'm the sort of man who gets hold of a girl by any means just to amuse himself. It's not true. I'll tell you the truth even if you don't believe it." Quickly he told her the astounding, almost incredible story. As he told it,

even in his own ears it sounded unconvincing. When he had finished he waited without hope for her verdict.

"But the reason you followed me first, was it—was it just because I was a woman and young?" she asked unexpectedly.

"It was partly because you were a woman—it's always worse to see a woman suffer—but it hadn't anything to do with your age." He spoke with obvious sincerity, then something of the inner meaning of the question came to him. "It wasn't that I was particularly attracted by your appearance, not at first; but just somehow—I can't explain it; but I felt then, and I've gone on feeling it more ever since, that my job in life was to take care of you."

He looked down squarely at her. Their eyes met. His brown ones held in them a great tenderness.

"My dear," he said gently, "I know it all sounds absurd and irrational. It's not a bit like me. As a rule I'm a very matter-of-fact sort of chap. I've never made up my mind before so quickly. But I have made it up, and the one thing I want more than anything on earth is that you should marry me. Will you, Janet?"

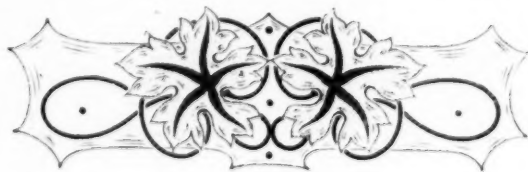
"Of course not," she began hastily, the scarlet colour in her cheeks. "How can I? Why, I've not known you three hours yet. And you're a rich man; I'm poor. I should have nothing, nothing at all to bring you."

"Except yourself." For once he was quick in the uptake. "And you'll soon know me better when we are married."

"When we are married!" She echoed his words slowly, as if a sudden vista of a world hitherto unknown had come to her, a world where sordid unhappy things were done with, where love and tenderness ruled.

"Oh, Dick, I oughtn't to." There was a little sob in her voice. "I know it's all a dream and I shall wake up sooner or later."

"Never mind, darling." Despite the crowded thoroughfare his arm was around her. "Even if it is a dream, what does it matter so long as we dream it together? And dreams last a long while sometimes."



The Romance of the Stage Coach

The Road in Fiction

By

Rowland Grey

"Let the steam pot hiss till it's hot,
Give me the old Tantivy trot."

LIKE the famous hero of a Bab Ballad, R. E. Warburton, Esquire, was a doggerel bard, yet he may possibly claim to have chanted the last lay of the stage coach. The breezy joys of coaching inspired many a better song, yet surely for once prose surpasses poetry in dealing with this delightful subject.

"The mail coach it was that distributed over the face of the land, like the opening of apocalyptic vials, the heart-shaking news of Trafalgar, of Salamanca, of Vittoria, of Waterloo. The grandest chapter of our experience, within the whole mail coach service, was on those occasions when we went down from London with the news of victory. *Five years of life was worth paying for the privilege of an outside place.*" Thus de Quincey poignantly epitomises the emotion of a nation.

What wonder our great novelists were captivated by this picturesque mode of travel, touched with the magic of retrospect when discomfort seems but a jest. A stout and fascinating volume might be filled with the full quotations of their panegyrics impossible in a too hasty survey.

In Jane Austen's Time

It is amusing to note that for the well-born characters of Jane Austen, the coach was insufficiently genteel. People like Lady Catherine de Burgh and General Tilney made superb progress through the land in their own carriages with four horses and postilions. The post-chaise was the only possible alternative. When the exemplary Edmund hurried to Portsmouth, he certainly used the night mail. But he brought his impecunious cousins back to Mansfield Park in a chaise, as becomed the nieces of a baronet. Even the vulgar Misses Steele, in "Sense and Sensibility," contrived to travel post with the doctor who was "a great beau," boasting loudly of this evidence of their undeniable smartness. Miss Darcy

had two extra menservants as escort to Ramsgate, "the daughter of Lady Anne Darcy could not well have appeared with less."

Dickens's Coachman

The coach waited a little longer before its virile pleasures were painted by a master hand. For Pickwick—our genial English Ulysses—made his immortal Odyssey mainly by the coaches in the zenith of their glory. Dickens has many rivals but no superior in his treatment of their infinite variety. And among coachmen who have handled the ribbons in Imagination-street, he who is best described in his own words as "the celebrated Mr. Veller o' the Bell Savage," is head and chief. "There is no one beside him, and no one above him." The legendary connection of Indian Pocahontas with the Belle Sauvage never gave it half the fame acquired by her connection with the very pineapple of stage coachmen. Present at the trial of Bardell v. Pickwick, it is surprising Mr. Weller did not attribute the verdict to the incriminating words "slow coach," rather than to the lack of an "alleybi." For we know the fatal use made by Serjeant Buzfuz of the damaging truth that Mr. Pickwick once used the more leisurely vehicle. Alas! that space lacks to tell again by what a marvellous coincidence Mr. Weller contrived to upset a coach-load of voters of the wrong colour into the right canal. His comrades were worthy of him, especially the sharer of buxom Mrs. Lupin's "strictly Platonic basket," wisely recognising there were worse things for a midnight supper than "a cold roast fowl, a packet of ham in slices, a crusty loaf, a piece of cheese, a paper of biscuits, half a dozen apples, a knife, some butter, a screw of salt and a bottle of old sherry."

"Of all the swells who ever handled a whip professionally, he might have been elected emperor. . . . He did things with his hat which nothing but an un-

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limited knowledge of horses and the wildest freedom of the road could ever have made him perfect in. Valuable little parcels were brought to him with particular instructions, and he pitched them into his hat and stuck it on again as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being blown off or knocked off. The guard too! Seventy breezy miles a day were written on his very whiskers. His manners were a canter, his conversation a round trot. He was all pace. . . . The coach was none of your steady-going yokel coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, dissipated London coach, up all night and lying by all day, and leading the devil of a life." "The four greys skimmed along as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did."

It was a lovely summer evening. A rare thing in fiction, where for some inscrutable reason most of the coaching is done in atrocious weather in the depth of winter. The description of that journey would make a Diogenes sigh to quit his tub. They reached London five minutes before their

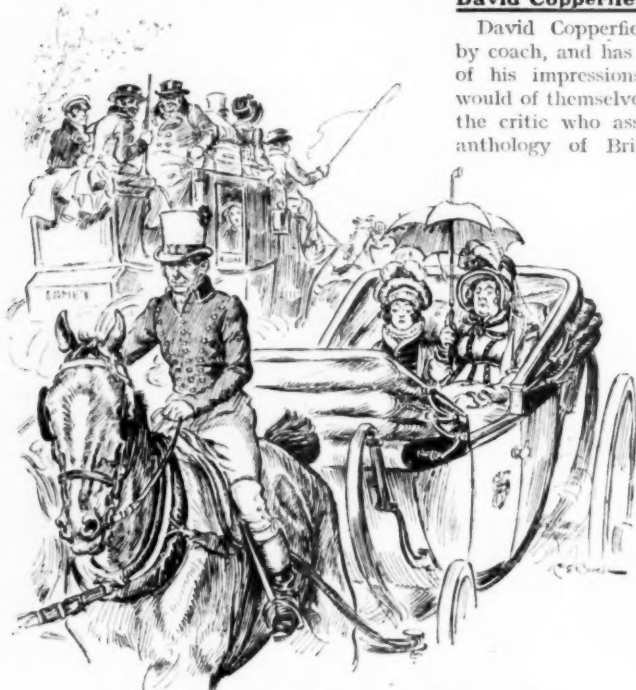
time, and Tom excusably wished it had been five hours after. Was it the same coachman, when the wretched youngest gentleman at Todger's, seeing the object of his hopeless passion borne away, "aimed a flower—a hot-house flower that had cost money at the fair hand of Mercy," hitting the coachman instead, "who thanked him kindly, and put it in his buttonhole"?

The departure of the coach before the Christmas gathering at Dingley Dell is too familiar to be cited, too admirable to be ignored. That the "passive resistance" of the large codfish Mr. Pickwick took to his friends added a new phrase to the language, makes it further notable. It was in August sunshine poor Mr. Pickwick hurried to the "handsome, thriving little town of Bury St. Edmunds," there to be duped by Jingle into his sad misadventure at a select seminary for young ladies. He was, in fact, upon the road in all seasons, in rain or shine, with imperturbable good temper.

David Copperfield's Journeyings

David Copperfield also travelled much by coach, and has left incomparable record of his impressions grave or gay. These would of themselves be sufficient support to the critic who asserted that an adequate anthology of British prose without the

name of Dickens is an impossibility. There is little David's first journey to school when the brute of a waiter eats nearly all his dinner of chops and batter pudding, and drinks all his beer before meanly taking his modest tip, and when he is left at the booking office like a forlorn scrap of derelict luggage. There is the grand occasion when, at seventeen, "got up in a special great-coat and shawl" for the much-coveted box seat, engaged days before by a bribe of half a crown, he is compelled to admit to the dashing coach-



"The coach was insufficiently genteel"—p. 1005

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man that he is not a breeder of "Suffolk Punches." There was a gentleman behind him "with an unpromising squint," who claimed to have "bred them by wholesale." "That ain't the sort o' man to see sitting behind a coach box, is it, though?" said William in my ear, as he handled the reins. As I construed this remark as an indication of a wish he should have my place, I blushing offered to resign it. "Well, if you don't mind, sir, I think it would be more correct." Poor David viewed this abasement as his first fall in life, but he soon forgot his discomfiture in watching for those spots where he had once slept under the stars, and in grateful thanksgiving for his happier fate. The contrast is beautifully indicated without one superfluous word.

Dickens, indeed, was not merely unsurpassed in chronicling the jolly humours of the road and the snug inns beside which sat Mr. Micawber, most jovial of outside passengers, eating walnuts out of a paper bag with a bottle sticking out of his pocket. There is a striking picture of the hardship of coaching in high wind when David went back to Yarmouth. "The wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if in dread disturbance of the laws of Nature, she had lost her way, and were frightened. . . . As the night advanced, the clouds closing in, and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow harder and harder. It still increased till our horses could hardly face the wind. Many times in the dark part of the night the leaders came to a dead stop, and we were often in serious apprehension the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came up like showers of steel." The reader shivers at the shriek of that wind. Mr. Hardy himself could scarcely convey a more sinister sense of impending doom than Dickens in the coming of the gale that drowned the guilty Steerforth.

Becky Sharp in the Rain

Thackeray mourns the superseding of the coach eloquently. "Alas! we shall never hear the horn sing at midnight, or



"Before the Christmas gathering at Dingley Dell"

see the pike-gates fly open any more." If the coach never shares the lead with his heroes as in *Pickwick*, it plays a lively part, and touches upon a fresh phase. That veritable Sévigné, Miss Rebecca Sharp, gives her friend Amelia a vivacious account of her journey into Hampshire to become governess at Queen's Crawley. She left London in roseate dawn inside the coach. "But when we got to a place called Leakington, where the rain began to fall very heavily—will you believe it?—I was forced to come outside, for Sir Pitt is a proprietor of the coach, and as a passenger came in at Mudbury who wanted an inside place I was obliged to go outside in the rain, where, however, a young gentleman from Cambridge College sheltered me very kindly in one of his several great-coats. This gentleman and the guard seemed to know Sir Pitt very well, and laughed at him a great deal. They both agreed in calling him an old screw. . . . We drove very slow the last two stages on the road, because Sir Pitt was on the box. . . . But won't I flog them on to Squashmore

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when I take the ribbons,' said the young Cantab."

Times had changed when, ten years later, that glass of fashion Mrs. Rawdon Crawley went back to Queen's Crawley as one of the family. Rawdon took his delighted little son outside, and showed him everything

from school and college. As they left the place the sun shone out brightly, the pace was rapid, the horn blew, the milestones flew by. Pen smoked and joked with guard and fellow-passengers and people along the familiar road; it grew more busy and animated every instant. The

last team of greys came out at H—, and the coach drove into London. What young fellow has not felt a thrill as he entered this vast place? . . . 'Here is my place,' thought Pen; 'here is my battle beginning in which I must conquer or fall.' And from his place on the roof, the eager young fellow looked down upon the city with the sort of longing desire which young soldiers feel on the eve of a campaign."

If only one book could survive to immortalise the stage coach Tom Hughes in "Tom Brown" would do it. The fourth chapter dwells on every detail with infectious enthusiasm, from the moment when the Tally Ho only

takes forty-five seconds to pick up Tom, boxes and all. "Toot, toot, toot, the ostlers let go their heads, and the four bays plunge at the collar"; to the triumphal entry into Rugby "The wheelers in a spanking trot, and leaders cantering in a style that would not have disgraced Cherry Bob, or ramping, stamping, swearing Billy Harwood, or any of the old coaching heroes."

British endurance of stinging cold in a "tight Petersham coat with legs dangling," is extolled, and Tom is rewarded with the finest breakfast in fiction. "The table covered with the whitest of cloths and china, and bearing a pigeon pie, ham, cold round of beef cut from a mammoth ox, and the great loaf of household bread on a wooden trencher. And here comes in the stout head waiter, puffing under a tray of hot viands, kidneys and a steak, transparent rashers and poached eggs, buttered toast and muffins, and tea and coffee all smoking hot." It is not amazing to hear later that "Tom has eaten kidney and pigeon pie and imbibed coffee till his little skin is as tight as a drum."

Old "Blow-Hard," the guard, with his tales of derring-do, is a great character.



Drawn by
S. E. Brock

"'A young gentleman from Cambridge College sheltered me very kindly'"—p. 107

when it became light. "His mother inside the vehicle, with her maid, and her furs and her wrappers, and her scent bottles, made such a to-do, you would have thought she had never been in a stage coach before, much less that she had been turned out of this very one to make way for a paying passenger."

Pendennis and the Coach

Pendennis thoroughly appreciated coaching, though he made money by the coming of the railway. He "woke considerably refreshed when the coach stopped at the old breakfasting place where he had had a score of merry meals on his way to and

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How fine is his scorn of the Regulator known as the Pig and Whistle, crawling along at six miles an hour, how condescending his praise of the school athletes running beside the coach when he whips out his watch to announce that the mile had been done in four seconds under five minutes. It is a poor heart that cannot rejoice over these radiant pages. The coachman who eschewed tea and broke his fast on cold boiled beef and a tankard of old ale was an habitu   of the Belle Sauvage, where we hope he met Tony Weller. It is hard not to linger over the breathless race between the two coaches hired to take Rugbeians home for the holidays, with the "cornopean frantically playing 'Drops of Brandy,'" and volleys from the pea-shooters, not quite extinct in the early eighties, popping between parties on the rival vehicles by the uncertain lamplight. Tom Hughes had, indeed, excuse to echo the jeremiads of Thackeray and Anthony Trollope over the passing of the stage coach. It would have comforted him to know how much he did *in memoriam*.

In George Eliot's Time

George Eliot's prosperous farmers naturally used their own gigs and horses. Did not lovely Nancy Lammeter ride pillion in a many-caped "Joseph" coat to attend the New Year's ball given by Squire Cass? But before German influences blighted her humour she sketched a good coachman or two. There is the driver of the coach bearing the wretched Hetty in quest of her betrayer. His harmless chaff about sweethearts to the pretty passenger he had bidden to sit beside him, has pathetic irony in her cruel situation. Then there is the genuine Nature's gentleman who drove her on the last stage to Windsor and asked her to "remember him." She took out her last shilling, asking timidly, with tearful eyes, if he could give her back sixpence. He bids her put it up with an assumed gruffness deceiving no one. It is the tragedy of the stage coach: the ruined beauty looking

down upon a world from which for her all joy has vanished.

Jane Eyre's Winter Ride

Tiny Jane Eyre left for Lowood school before six on a raw January morning, a young traveller to be sent solitary. The poor man was too shy to eat on the way and says, "I remember little of the journey. I only know the day seemed to me of preternatural length, and that we appeared to travel over hundreds of miles," before she arrived half starved and numb with cold. Charlotte Bront   described her own experiences when she sent Lucy Snowe adventurously to London, *en route* for "Villette." "About nine o'clock on a wet February night I reached London. When I left the coach the strange speech of the cabmen and others seemed like a foreign tongue." She wastes few words over the coach, reserving her eloquence for the wonderful first journey in a strange land where the diligence takes her slowly, noisily, joltingly, from



"Tom is rewarded with the finest breakfast in fiction"

Drawn by
C. E. Brock

Antwerp to Brussels, and the sense of being abroad opens ivory gates and golden to her of the vivid imagination and passionate heart.

THE QUIVER



"But, my dear Matilda, why didn't you come by coach?"—
p. 1012

Like Meredith and Mr. Hardy, Charlotte Brontë reached the times when heroines were sped on their way by the hideous train whistle instead of the musical horn. This may be one of two reasons why there is little told of coaching in the matchless Wessex Tales. The other, as with George Eliot, lies in the fact that poorer rural folk rarely left home, and the well-to-do "far from the madding crowd," had their own traps. Bathsheba harnessed her own horse when she fled in secret to marry Serjeant Troy.

The Cheaper Way

"The Trumpet Major," however, has for its period that time of menaced invasion when the valiant drilled for the dread moment when

"Little Boney, he'll pounce down
And march his men on London town,"

released by pealing bells, and coaches dashing in with the words "Great Victory," and "Glorious Triumph" chalked boldly upon them. When the susceptible Bob Loveday, who afterwards fought at Tra-

falgar, was bent on marriage with the dubious Miss Johnson, late of Elliston's theatrical touring company, he remarks to his father, "To show you what a capital sort of wife she'll be I may tell you she wanted to come by the Mercury, because it's a little cheaper than the mail, but I said, 'For once in your life do it well, and come by the Royal Mail and I'll pay for it.'"

He went to Casterbridge on the eventful Sunday, "and waited while the people dressed in their

summer best poured out of three churches round him." When they had all gone, and a smell of cinders and gravy had spread down the ancient High Street . . . he saw the mail coach rise above the arch of Grey's Bridge, at a quarter of a mile distant, surmounted by swaying knobs which proved to be the heads of outside travellers. "That's the way for a man's bride to come to him," said Robert, with a feeling of poetry. But no Matilda gladdened his eye. "That angel had, in fact, so wildly spent Bob's money and her own," she was forced to come in less splendid mode. Bob waited through the hot day till the road wagon arrived, uncomfortable by the landlady who insisted, "as one who knew good life, that many genteel persons travelled that way during the present high prices." The office being close to the church, the arrival of the wagon usually enlivened the congregation during "a dry and metaphysical sermon" by its "rattling, dismantling, and swearing," before the "burst of fiddles for the last hymn." Captain Loveday felt a kind of sinking in his poetry at the possibility of her for whom they had made such preparations coming in the slow unwieldy vehicle which crunched its way towards him, but he would not give way to the weakness. . . . At last the broad wheels drew up against the



"A crowd soon gathered, vying to see the mail coach dressed with flowers and oak leaves"—p. 1012

Drawn by
G. S. Brock

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kerb, the wagoner with his white smock frock and whip as long as a fishing line descended from the pony on which he rode alongside, and the six broad-chested horses shook themselves. In another moment something showed forth, and he knew Matilda was there. Bob felt three cheers rise in him as she stepped down; but it being Sunday he did not utter them. In dress Miss Johnson surpassed his expectations—a green and white gown with long, tight sleeves, a green handkerchief crossed in front and green gloves. It was strange enough to see this verdant caterpillar turn out of a road wagon and gracefully shake herself free from the bits of straw and fluff.

"But, my dear Matilda," said Bob when he had kissed her three times with much publicity. . . . "Why didn't you come by coach, having the money for't and all?" "That's my scrimping," said Matilda, in a delightful gush. "I know you won't be offended when you know I did it to save against a rainy day." Though the glory of the meeting was lessened, some of us are grateful to the fair Matilda for a description proving the road wagon the plodding prose of travel beside the meteoric poetry of the mail.

Before the faithful lover of "Diana of the Crossways" speculated in railway shares with sufficient success to venture to court his elusive lady, Evan Harrington paid a striking if indirect tribute to the speed of the mail coach when he went to attend the funeral of "the great Mel." "By some fatality all who were doomed to sit and listen to the Countess de Saldar were sure to be behindhand." Her brother was no exception to the rule, and he missed the coach where he had paid for a seat, though against all precedent it waited two minutes for him. He took counsel with the clerks at the office, "and then like one accustomed to command, ordered a chariot to pursue the coach, received a touch of the hat for a lordly fee, and was soon rolling out of London." Appearances were deceitful. Poor Evan had a full heart and a nearly empty purse. About midnight he anxiously asked, "Do you see anything of the coach?" "Can't say I do, sir," from the postilion who fondly imagined he was dealing with the perfect gentleman—the full pocket. Evan was too honest to

shrink from his ordeal. With a curt "I don't think I'll trouble you to take me further," he resolutely prepared for a walk of fifty miles. His pride is cut to the quick when he finds he has but sixpence left to offer to the disgusted postilion. It is hard to say which of them came out best.

"Dash it!" cried the postilion, "you're going down to a funeral. I think you said your father's, sir—you may as well try and get there respectable. It's one to me whether you're in or out—the horses won't feel it, and I do wish you'd take a lift and welcome. It's because you are too much of a gentleman to be beholden to a poor man, I suppose." Evan yielded, and the postilion "trotted with bandy legs to open the door as for a paying passenger," ending by accepting the sixpence with the graceful words, "A sixpence kindly meant, is worth a crown grudged." They never caught the coach. Doubtless its driver was straining every nerve to recapture the lost minutes.

The Great Day of Victory

It was long after Evan made his fortune and won his Rose, that Mrs. Ewing wrote the brief perfect story of "Jackanapes," touching on the great year of Waterloo with almost as sure a hand as Thackeray. The girl-wife of the captain "always went up the village for air and exercise when the London Mail came in." One day it was too early for her.

"A crowd soon gathered about the George and Dragon, gaping to see the mail coach dressed with flowers and oak leaves, and the guard wearing a wreath of laurel over and above the royal livery. The ribbons that decked the horses were stained and flecked with the warmth and foam of the pace at which they had come, for they had pressed on with the news of Victory." It is good to link the charmed remembrance of the old coaches with their most heroic aspect.

"Romance! the season-tickets mourn,
'He never ran to catch his train,
But passed with coach, and guard, and horn
And left the local—late again!
Confound Romance.' And all unseen,
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen."

Mr. Kipling speaks truth, yet when we mount the coach in such good company the power of the past is irresistible.

The Blind God

Concluding Story in the Series
"Traveller's Joy"

By Violet M. Methley

"I FEEL like Othello, with my occupation gone," Joy Trewarne thought rather ruefully as she sat in the bow-window of a *pension* in Naples and looked towards Capri, an amethyst jewel set in a sapphire sea.

Sir Basil Grierson and Clarrie had decided incontinently that the latter should return at once to Australia, there to prepare her father—and herself—for an immediate wedding. She had turned back from Naples, therefore, under the charge of some old friends who happened to be on board the Sydney-bound steamer, and who were quite willing to relieve Joy of her charge.

Sir Basil had gone straight overland to England, to set his affairs in order, and Joy alone remained in Naples, to rest there for a few weeks before returning to work—and London.

It was Clarrie who had made such a holiday possible—Clarrie who brought illogical logic to bear upon the question at their farewell interview.

"You know, darling, you *said* that your fee was according to results!" she declared. "Well, *my* result is Basil, and this stupid cheque is just about a millionth part of what I think he's worth! So, if you won't take it you are being frightfully rude to him—making out that he's worthless; and, oh, Joy, dear! *don't* be proud and horrid! You know that Dad and I have more money than we can use, and Basil more than he wants, so—don't spoil my happiness by refusing to take a little rest—a little holiday!"

Joy, being a reasonable flesh-and-blood girl and not a paragon of proud virtue, accepted the cheque gladly and established herself for a month in the Pension Royale, Naples, with every intention of taking a real holiday.

Yet, lo and behold, after less than a week she was feeling just a little tired of her own company, just a little inclined to wish that there was a *home* in England to which she could return.

The weather was perfect and as hot as

an English June at its warmest, her room was comfortable, Vesuvius just active enough to be interesting and the views over the bay as lovely as ever—but Joy felt oddly lonely.

"I expect it's because I've seen so many people being happy lately," she thought rather wistfully. "It makes one feel a bit lonely. . . . I do wish that someone I know would turn up!"

It really seemed as though some kindly fairy must have been waiting, wand in hand, to grant Joy's first-expressed wish, for at that instant the door of the dining-room opened and a man came in.

He stood still for a moment, just inside the doorway, before moving towards a table in the next window to that in which Joy was placed.

He was a tall man, not particularly remarkable for good looks, with dark-chestnut eyes, hair, and close-cropped moustache—a colour scheme rather reminiscent of an Irish terrier. But at sight of him Joy Trewarne gave a little gasp, and sat staring, her grey-gold eyes wide and brilliant.

Flashing through her consciousness, quicker far than the words can be written, came memories of a time, six years ago, just before the war, just before her father died. Captain Caerleon, the man who stood there in the doorway, had been part of her life for a few months out in Ceylon—part of her life ever since. . . .

Joy, looking back, saw herself as she had been then—a high-spirited girl of barely nineteen, with all the intolerance and self-confidence of the very young. She had believed certain stories against Carr Caerleon told to her by a mischief-making third person, had allowed these lies to poison her words and her thoughts and her actions where the young man was concerned. And then, when the friendship was broken off, when she was back in England, she learnt that the stories had all been false.

Pride would not let her write to ask Caerleon's pardon—pride, and something else which told her that it would seem too

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much like begging him for what he had never offered her as yet—in words.

But now, meeting thus by chance, it would be easy to tell him face to face how she had misjudged him, how sorry she was. . . .

All this passed quickly through Joy's mind, even as she half rose from her chair, her lips parted to speak, even as Captain Caerleon turned directly towards her, looked her full in the face for nearly a minute and then moved towards his seat in the window without a glimmer of recognition in his eyes.

It was done deliberately—cruelly. Joy knew beyond any manner of doubt that it was impossible, utterly unbelievable, that he should not recognize her. It was a cut, as direct as could be imagined; it said, as plainly as a volume of words, that he did not mean to know her, that she was wiped out of his life.

Joy sank back into her seat, fiercely clutching at her self-control, resolved that all these callous witnesses, that Caerleon himself, should not guess how deeply he had hurt her.

She finished her breakfast, rose, and moved out of the *salon* quietly and deliberately. It was not until she was safely in her room that she allowed herself to give way.

Seeing Caerleon again so suddenly, so unexpectedly, made Joy realize, as she had never realized before, how much she cared and had always cared. It was not for some half-hour that the pain of the wound was a little deadened, so that she could make at least an attempt to think things out.

"After all, it's not to be wondered at that he should cut me," she thought. "I behaved abominably; I think I was all the more cruel because I cared so much. I expect that he is rather glad to get the chance to pay me back, only—it was rather brutal. . . . Perhaps it's best though; we couldn't meet just as acquaintances; but—it shows that he never really cared, as I did . . . as I *do* . . . otherwise he *couldn't* have stared at me like that without the slightest change of expression, as if—as if I were a waiter!"

Joy tried to laugh at herself and her discomfiture, but the laugh was neither steady nor convincing.

"Anyhow, I can't run the risk of meeting him again," she decided. "I must have meals in my room if the worst comes to the

worst. But perhaps he isn't staying here for more than an hour or two; I must find out. Perhaps he's going on by the mail-boat to-day. Well, I had arranged to go to Pompeii this morning anyhow, so that will settle matters for the moment. I'll start at once and forget all about it."

But this was easier said than done. Hurt pride alone is one of the hardest things to forget, and when something more than pride is concerned—well— That day Joy saw all the beauties of Naples Bay through a grey northern mist.

She had chosen to drive out to Pompeii in a queer ramshackle vehicle drawn by a raw-boned horse. They passed through the villages beyond the suburbs—Portici, Torre del Greco, Torre dell' Annunziata and the others which stand always precariously upon the verge of a possible lava-flow, where lava and ashes are piled by the roadside, and where houses are periodically overwhelmed by any more than ordinary activity of the great mountain.

It was a day of glorious sunshine, with the Apennines rimming the horizon, clothed in a robe of new snow. Joy dismissed her driver at the gates of Pompeii and disregarded the importunities of guides, passing into the dead city which she already knew so well, alone and unattended.

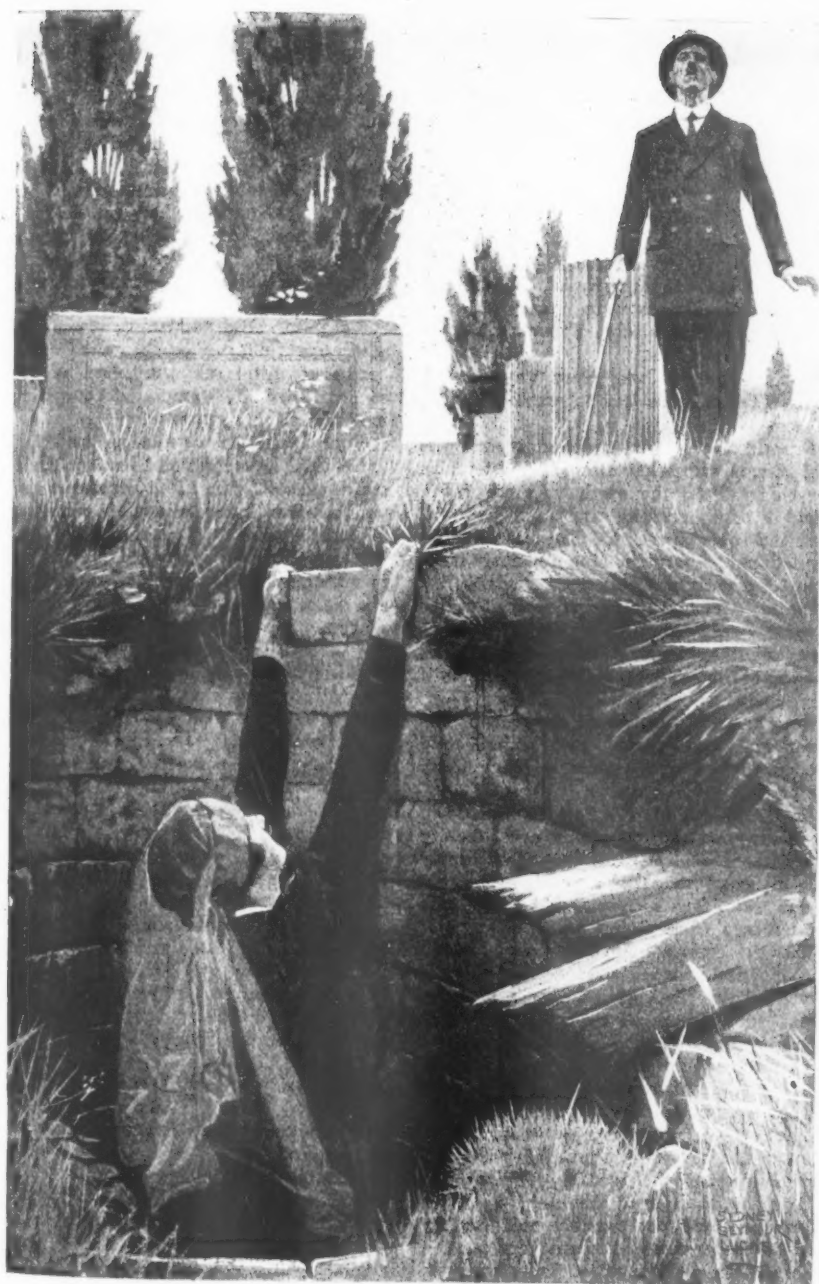
And as she walked along the silent streets the spell of Pompeii fell upon her, and for the first time she did actually in part forget the cruel wound which she had received that morning. For there is no magic like that of Pompeii when one sees it unattended by crowds of tourists and guides.

Joy passed slowly along the streets where the stones are grooved deep by the wheels of chariots, turning aside now and then into one or other of the dwelling-houses, pausing in the rooms where people had cooked and eaten and slept, where little children had played with the toys which still survive in the glass cases of the museum.

Into that museum itself Joy did not go. She had seen it often before, been harrowed by the sight of those plaster shapes which alone remain to show how those long-ago people fled from the fiery death which was descending to overwhelm them.

It was the Pompeii where people had lived that Joy wished to revisit to-day—not the Pompeii where people had died.

She lingered for a while in the amphitheatre, visited the famous House of the



"His expression never changed, and for an awful nightmare moment Joy thought he was about to turn away"—p. 1016

Drawn by
Sydney S. Lucas

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Tragic Poet, walked over to the newest excavations, and found them deserted by the workmen, as they usually are!

Joy ate the lunch which she had brought with her in the tessellated dining-hall of a great house, and then passed on through the other rooms, thankful from the very depths of her soul that she seemed, for the present at least, to be all alone in Pompeii.

It was a newly excavated building which she was exploring. Across a wide grassy courtyard she caught sight of other rooms and set off towards them, then suddenly stumbled, whilst a cry of amazed terror broke from her lips.

For the ground had given way beneath Joy's feet, and she found herself falling—falling—

Frantically, the girl clutched at the grass and flowers within her reach, trying to drive her fingers into the earth. As the rising cloud of dust cleared away and her wits returned she realized that she was clinging to the rim of a circular hole obviously man-made and most probably an ancient well.

Plainly it had been at some period covered over with planks which, in their turn, plants and grass and moss had overgrown, hiding the whereabouts of the well completely.

But beneath the skin of growth the cover had rotted away, and it had only needed Joy's careless tread to break away completely.

As for its depth . . . Joy glanced down for an instant and closed her eyes, feeling sick with dread. Far, far below her, thirty feet at least, she saw a sullen gleam of water, saw the surface break into oily ripples as a stone dropped.

The girl drew a long breath and exerted all her muscles in a sustained effort to raise herself above the edge, to get at least a firmer grip, a more secure hand-hold.

But it soon proved to be quite impossible. She could not get enough leverage to raise her whole weight by scarcely more than the tips of her fingers. Moreover, even the attempt was dangerous; the edge broke away under her efforts, tufts of grass and stones and mould fell rattling down into the well as she disengaged them.

But she could not possibly hold out for many moments more, that was very certain. Each second a little more of her strength seemed to drain away; soon it would give out altogether and she would fall down—down—into that grim, gleaming water. . . .

Joy tried to shriek, but found it almost impossible to make an articulate sound, so tightly was her chest and throat pressed against the side of the well; she could utter only strangled, animal-like sobs and moans.

But the girl had inherited plenty of pluck from her soldier-father, and she was not inclined to give in even now. Feeling cautiously about with her feet she found a tiny toe-hold, just sufficient to support her weight a little, to enable her to raise herself a few inches higher, so that she could just see above the edge of the well.

More she could not attain; it was only by a desperate effort that she raised and kept herself to this level. And even as she did so she heard the sound of footsteps brushing through the grass.

Once again she tried to cry for help, but the sound only escaped from her lips as a strangled sob. She lifted her desperate eyes and saw there, standing within twenty yards of her, Captain Caerleon himself.

He was turning his head from side to side uncertainly, as though seeking the whereabouts of the sound, which had evidently reached his ears. Seeing this, Joy managed to give another stifled cry, and he turned in the direction of the well, meeting her eyes in a direct, steady gaze.

Even then he showed no sign of recognition, no anxiety or surprise at her terrible position. His expression never changed, and for an awful nightmare moment Joy thought that he was about to turn away deliberately and leave her to her fate. But even as a little sob of terror escaped her lips he began to walk deliberately and unhurriedly towards her.

His lips were set grimly, his red-brown eyes met hers, so wide and terrified, without a glimmer of recognition. He was only a few yards away, a few feet; but instead of pausing and kneeling down by the well to help her he came straight on. . . .

Then, suddenly, Joy understood.

She forced out a wild, warning shriek.

"Carr! Carr! Keep back! Don't move another inch! Stay where you are—for heaven's sake!"

With one foot almost over the edge of the well Caerleon stood still. Leaning forward, he spoke in a queer, strained voice.

"Where are you?"

"Here—just at your feet. You're on the edge of a well. I've fallen in—I'm clinging to the edge—I can't get out! Oh—be careful! . . ."

Joy felt her voice growing

THE BLIND GOD

weaker and weaker with the effort of speaking, but there was no need to say more.

Caerleon knelt down and passed his hands quietly over the ground before him until he touched Joy's fingers—gripped her wrists.

Then at last he spoke steadily.

"When I pull let yourself come. Don't drag—don't hurry. Take a long breath—and make yourself as light as you can. . . . Now!"

On the word he exerted his full strength, throwing himself backwards. For an awful instant Joy felt as though her weight was dragging him down; then she realized that she was being drawn up—up—that her chest was now level with the ground. With a sob she threw herself forward and lay face downward upon the grass, panting, speechless.

Almost exhausted too by the terrific effort which he had made, Caerleon knelt beside her. Looking up at last, Joy saw that his face was drawn and haggard with anxiety, heard him urging her to speak.

"You're all right, Joy—you're not hurt—not badly hurt? . . ."

"I'm not hurt at all—thanks to you. But how did you know me?"

"Directly I heard your voice. Do you suppose that I could forget it—or you? . . . But I've no earthly right to talk like that—I apologize. Of course you were almost beside yourself just now, and no wonder. . . . It was the stress of the moment which made you speak like that—use my name!"

"No, it wasn't—" Joy spoke under her breath but quite clearly. "That's how I always think of you. . . . Carr."

A sudden look of joy swept over his face, but a cloud swiftly followed, dimming its radiance.

"I—mustn't. . . ." he muttered. "I'd no right to ask you. But there's just one thing. I hope you've found out that I'm not quite the cad you thought me."

"I learnt that it was lies years ago, and I've longed to say how sorry I was ever since. This morning, at the *pension*, when you came into the room, I thought that my

chance had come. I was going to speak when you—cut me."

"Joy, you know that I couldn't see you—that I'm blind!"

"I know that *now*; I didn't this morning. And your eyes look just as before—there's no sign of blindness."

"So they say. But the sight's completely gone all the same. I can just see the sun, a fire, the light from a window—that's all. It happened at Mons. That's why I've never tried to seek you out—why I've no right to—say what I long to now."

"Why not?" Joy was sitting upright at the verge of the well, her hands folded in her lap, her eyes wide and very bright.

"Why not? Because I'm disabled for life—because I've no right to suggest that you should burden yourself with a blind husband—no right even to conceive such a thing as possible."

"Considering that I never even guessed you were blind I don't think the burden would be very heavy."

"I lost my sight five years ago, remember—I've had time to learn how to do a great many things—that's the only reason why it isn't noticeable. But I can't be cured—I—"

"There aren't any 'buts'! I won't have my whole life spoiled by these ridiculous old-fashioned ideas. I *hate* this silly attitude of yours!" Joy's voice was sharp with rebellion. She clenched her hands fiercely. "You've just saved my life."

"You saved mine too—we're quits there!"

"I don't care. I mean I've *always* cared. I—I—I'm yours—if you want me!"

"If I *want* you! . . ." His voice broke on the words, and stretching out his arms, he drew her close. With a quick movement Joy crept near to him, her hand against his cheek.

"I like *this* attitude of yours much, much better. . . ." she whispered. "Oh, I'm glad—glad—that we found truth at the top, not at the bottom of the well!"



The Adventure of the "Mayflower" Pilgrims

By
Basil Mathews,
M.A.

This month we celebrate the 300th Anniversary of the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Their Great Adventure is not to be lightly forgotten.

ONCE upon a time—the story goes—a king wandering in Catalonia saw an old man busily engaged in planting datestones.

"Why," asked the King, "do you sow the seeds of a tree of such slow growth, seeing that the dates will not ripen till a hundred years be passed?"

"Am I not then eating," the old man replied, "the fruit of trees planted by my forefathers who took thought for those who were to come? And shall not I do like unto them?"

It is a story that, like a bright revolving light, throws a revealing ray back and back through the story of man to the days of the planters of the trees from which we take the fruit that is our food, forward on to the need of the world of to-morrow, and down on to the immediate track in front of our feet. It quite specially illuminates the vivid central meaning of the story of that heroic migration of our daring fathers who sailed from Plymouth just three centuries ago this very month.

I

"Grey wakes the daybreak, the shivering sails
are set,

To misty deeps
The channel sweeps—

O mother, think of us who think on thee!
Earth-home, birth-home, with love remember yet
The sons in exile on the eternal sea."

SO Sir Henry Newbolt sings that strange blend of the heart-ache for the old home and of the will to seek a new and fitter home for the hope of youth, that are the very core of the story of the English-speaking peoples.

There is no doubt at all that the pioneer Pilgrims' ship's company of a hundred and two men, women, and children who sailed from Plymouth on September 6, 1620, would never have left the shores of their own land if they could, with loyalty to their overwhelming sense of right, have remained in it. They were themselves people of village and country town, who had left the fields

where they had made daisy-chains as children and the brooks where they had tickled the trout; they had sold the cows and the sheep, the barn and the homestead that were "home" to them in a far more rooted sense than any place is "home" to most modern British folk. The warm, thatched roof, the great open fireplace and cavernous chimney, the cosy, cobwebby, hay-sweet barn at Scrooby and at Austerfield, the little familiar shop in the High Street of Gainsborough or Norwich; these were "home" indeed. And it was that hour of high patriotism after the defeat of the Spanish Armada when men felt unitedly proud of England as they never had done before.

Why They Went

So it was only when (as William Bradford tells us) the King's officers "hunted and persecuted" them "on every side so as their former afflictions were but as flea-bitings in comparison of these which now came upon them," that they resolved that they must go.

They actually only wanted to be allowed to worship God in the way that seemed truest and best to themselves, but to do so was accounted rebellious. So (as Bradford goes on) "some were taken and clapt up in prison, others had their houses besett and watcht night and day, and hardly escaped their hands, and ye most were faine to flie and leave their houses and habitations and the means of their livelehood."

So they had gone to Leiden and there had learned new trades, but they saw that the Dutch community was absorbing their children, and their spirit (which was all the more nationally British because it was unconquerably free) desired to save at once the name of England and the fact of freedom.

They therefore looked about the world for a place where both England and liberty could live. They heard of the inhospitable and barely charted coast of North America and decided to try to found a New England there.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE "MAYFLOWER" PILGRIMS

Which they did. They planted the date-stone of freedom in America, a seed that forms quite certainly the outstanding tree of fruit for man in the whole world of our day.

What they saw, however, on the day that we celebrate this month was not what we see to-day—the American nation "mewing her mighty youth." What they saw was exile from the mother land. It was:

"Dear Earth, near Earth, the clay that made us men,

The land we sowed,
The hearth that glowed—

O mother, must we bid farewell to thee?

Fast dawns the last dawn, and what shall comfort then

The lonely hearts that roam the outer sea?"

A Perilous Crossing

From among these Pilgrims of September, 1620, some Fainthearts and Pliables had turned away, but the Greathearts, the Stand-fasts, the soldiers of the Valiant-for-Truth calibre went on. They had been kept back for many weeks by difficulty and obstacle of one kind and another till September, and the time of the equinoctial gales was upon them. The journey started in fair weather with a favouring wind. They were not halfway across the Atlantic, however, when a gale rose and the rollers, lashed into fury by the wind, swept seething and hissing across the streaming decks of the *Mayflower*.

She was a little thing of ninety-odd tons that would have sat in the saloon of a modern liner and then have left room for a dance. She climbed the giddy heights of one wave only to be slung dizzily down its slopes into dark chasms of threatening waters, and up again.

The Pilgrims were crowded in the stifling air under closed hatches between decks, with the sullen sea water leaking through the straining timbers and swilling across their tumbling luggage under the gloomy yellow light of a swinging horn lantern.

Then there was a horrible wrenching crash; the main beam had broken; the ship would surely break up. With a great jack-screw they got the beam in place and buttressed it up with a great baulk of timber, and so kept her from falling to pieces.

So for weeks the awful strain went on. Amid the din and turmoil of raging seas a baby was born, to whom was given the dreadful name of Oceanus Hopkins. A man fell overboard and was lost for all time, it seemed, but the topsail halyards had

snapped in the tempest and the trailing end lashed across him. He caught at the line and was hauled aboard by the marvelling mariners. Suddenly, after what William Bradford, who was in it all, calls "nine weeks in this leaking unwholesome ship," the cry of "Land ho!" came from the mast-head.

The Dawn of a New Day

They had sighted Cape Cod, and on November 11, 1620, the anchor splashed into the waters of the bay west of the crook-handle of the Cape. It was the end of the voyage, but only the beginning of the adventure. It was the dawn of a new day for freedom in all the world.

Scouting parties were sent out; search was made for habitable places where crops would grow and men could thrive. They found it at the bay they called New Plymouth, where an ice-borne boulder marks the place of their landing.

The arrows of Indians, the horrors of a ghastly pestilence that wiped out whole families, the depredations upon their seed-corn of wild, lawless, later emigrants, the ignorant and sickeningly annoying criticisms of comfortable merchants at home in England, the terrible rigours of the winters, the gaunt spectre of famine peering through their stockades, the unspeakable solitude of life isolated from all the age-long familiar environment of Western Christendom—these might well have broken the spirit and destroyed the discipline of these waifs of the West. But they conquered. They had to put cannon on the roof of the church and a stockade round their tiny log-cabin city, but the church and the city were impregnable to outer foe or inner dissidence. They refused to allow material forces to dictate terms to the unconquerable soul of man.

Their fortitude was unbroken. Their discipline stood every stress. They triumphed.

Why?

It is important in the highest degree to know why this decimated group of some three score men and women won through such tempest and stress. As a matter of fact, the answer is more superlatively vital even than appears on the surface, for on analysis we find that they discovered the way through the very same kind of troubled sea in which our post-war world is in danger of finding shipwreck.

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Reconciling Freedom with Order

The first secret—and the foundation secret—was that they discovered very simply what no one had ever really learned in practice in the world—how to reconcile rich freedom with real order. Always liberty had broken out into anarchy or order had hardened into tyranny, and both things are happening in the bewildered world of to-day.

But the Pilgrims in the dimly lit cabin of the *Mayflower* laid the very foundation of immortal democracy when they *all* signed freely that wonderful Covenant of men who, "in the presence of God, and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic"; and then proceeded as a free body of equal men to elect a Governor for their new tiny state. They were free and equal yet disciplined and united.

It was a tiny datestone that they planted that day; but out of it world-democracy is growing, and is going to grow.

The Success of Character

The second secret was that the essential quality in world-leadership is not brilliance, or social prestige, or wealth, or learning, but first and last and all the time character. Humanly speaking, the boy William Bradford, born in the village of Austerfield, the bluff, hot-headed British soldier, Captain Miles Standish, whose school was fighting by the side of Holland against Spain, and the ex-postmaster, William Brewster, won through and laid the foundations of a free world by sheer oak-fibre character. Their courage and decision held the Indians at bay, and their absolute loyalty to their engagements grappled the Indians to their side in a peace *which was never broken so long as any of the signatories remained alive.*

A buoyant body of emigrants came out bursting with confidence, full of physical power, and occupying a far better location than the Pilgrims, but they crashed to pieces, and were only rescued from starvation and massacre by the despised help of Bradford and Miles Standish and their fellow-Pilgrims. The cause of this dramatic issue was not ability or capacity in the technical sense, but the constructive, consecutive audacity and loyalty that flowers from character.

II

THE rest of the story gains in majesty what it loses in romance. The date-kernel of liberty, planted on the shores of Plymouth Bay, grew luxuriantly, but the Teutonic type of tyranny, exemplified in Hanoverian George III. and his Ministers, tried to cut it down. Then freedom flung out its challenge, and the noble growth went on in the great soil of America. "All men are born free and equal." "Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed" and can be abolished when it cuts across that popular will—this was the new root of freedom.

Now in our own day there has broken on the world the greatest of all its wars for freedom, and it has been decided in favour of liberty by a stupendous victory into which the grandchildren of the Pilgrims threw the final decisive force. But having won the war we have not yet even begun to win the peace.

To Win the Peace

A half of the human race which used to suffer under the tyrannies of the five vast Empires of Russia, Germany, Austria, Turkey, and China are now living in anarchic states. They have won freedom from tyranny, they still have to win freedom from anarchy. And the date-kernel of the Pilgrim Fathers—which blended (as we have seen) liberty with order, power with responsibility, capacity with Christian character—holds for the whole world of tomorrow the secret that it has given to the Western world of the past.

The British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States of America are the residuary legatees of that plantation of freedom. They have the secret that can save the civilization of the new world of tomorrow. They can plant out that date-kernel of freedom in the soil of all humanity.

"Why," asked the King, "do you sow the seeds of a tree of such slow growth, seeing that the dates will not ripen till a hundred years be passed?"

"Am I not then eating the fruit of trees planted by my forefathers who took thought for those who were to come? And shall not I do like unto them?"



The LOOP OF GOLD

by
David Lyall

CHAPTER XVII Sally Speaks Out

THERE was no hardness on Sally's piquant face. Her eyes beamed on Sherston with friendly sympathy, and every feature was tense with interest.

"Where have you come from? We haven't seen you since the dark ages."

"I came up from Portsmouth yesterday."

"Winnie told me you were somewhere down there. You've seen her, of course?"

"Oh, yes—last night."

Sally very nearly added the question, "And not to-day?" but restrained herself.

After all, although deeply interested, she had no right to question Sherston, especially since he had not come to see her but merely to inquire after his sister.

"I can't imagine why you hadn't heard that Miss Sherston had gone from here, quite soon after you left London early in May—I think it was. I thought Winnie would be sure to have mentioned it in her letters."

"I haven't had any letters from Winnie so far," answered Sherston dryly. "Is it permissible to smoke here?"

"Yes, of course; don't you see the ash tray? And here are the matches."

She dived under the table and brought up a matchbox from the under-shelf. "We hide 'em there when we remember. Matches can be counted among the lost things every time. They're the most elusive commodity on earth."

Sherston offered her his cigarette-case, and though she took one, she did not light

it. She longed to ask questions, but was too wise.

She had a refinement of feeling, a nice discrimination, which Winnie lacked.

"You are not demobbed yet then?" he asked as he sat back in his chair, feeling the kindness of the atmosphere enfolding him as it had done at Paradise Grove.

Sally shook her pretty head.

"I don't think I'm going to be. There's a dreadful permanency about agriculture, isn't there? It is different from war."

"It is an eminently peaceful pursuit, certainly," observed Sherston. "But why do you say a dreadful permanency? Don't you like it there?"

"Oh! yes, I like it all right; the hours are fairly decent and the pay is good. I'm not dead nuts on my chief, but that's a mere detail. I hope you're getting on all right in the country?"

Sherston smiled again, struck by the Londoner's estimate of locality.

To the true-born Londoner there is only one city; no other has a place in the sun nor yet deserves its name. A makeshift and imitation, a pinchbeck copy, is even the most lordly and ambitious town in comparison with London.

"I'm getting on all right both in the country and in the town. Portsmouth is a big place and very lively."

"A place where steamers sail from?"

"Yes, a big port, splendid harbours, everything top-hole and up to date," he answered, smiling still. Sally, encouraged by his evident good spirits, remarked:

"I'm glad to hear it is lively; Winnie

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likes a lively place. I took her to my home in Appleford, Somerset, once, and she found it deadly. She was afraid of the cows and of being out after dark. The quiet terrified her."

"I guess it would," said Sherston, and knocked his ash into the tray. Then he added quietly, "Winnie won't come to Portsmouth, so we're no forrader, and I don't know what to do."

"You must make her," said Sally almost viciously.

"How does one make a woman do the thing she absolutely refuses to do?" asked Sherston whimsically.

"There must be ways. If I were a man I'd find 'em," said Sally spiritedly. "What excuse does she make for herself? She hasn't any really now, because she's out of a job, has given up the flat, and is at a loose end. Why not Portsmouth? I'd carry her off if I were you—"

Sherston shrugged his shoulders. "She's twenty-four years of age and very determined, likewise strong. The carrying-off would be a difficult business, and even if accomplished, unsatisfactory. I've asked her to help me to get on, to come and make a home—I can afford to keep a modest one now—but she refuses. She says our marriage was a mistake, and when I point out that we've mostly got to stand by our mistakes in this life and try to make the best of them, she merely shrugs her shoulders. That's the situation between Winnie and me at the moment, Miss Withers. I don't suppose you can say anything that can alter or improve it."

"I shan't try; I'm fed up with Winnie. She doesn't deserve to have you or anybody bother about her. But the odd thing about Winnie is that people do bother about her—you and me and her own people, and some others we could do without. She's a good sort really, if we could get her away from the other sort."

Sherston smoked hard for a moment.

All the veils had long been torn from the reserve in which he had been reared. Situated as he was, it was a relief, and it might be a help to talk frankly to this young woman creature who had lived intimately with his wife, and probably knew her even better than they did at Paradise Grove.

"Do you remember the first night I came back from active service?"

"Why, of course—what a beano it was!

Winnie out at the theatre and only me to say how do you do!"

"The same thing happened last night. She was out when I got to the flat about eight o'clock. I went and had some supper, and then went back about nine-thirty. While I was waiting about, Butler brought her back in a taxi."

Sally shook an angry head.

"I thought that was all busted up. I saw her—let me see—last Sunday, and she said she didn't know where Perry Butler was. She didn't seem to mind either. You don't imagine she cares for that pale weed, do you? She's only used him as a convenience, taken his chocolates and his dinners and theatres and taxis, and that's all!"

Sherston's face wore an expression of the deepest gloom.

"That may be so; but she goes about with him. It's an impossible situation. I don't see ahead one little bit, Miss Withers. I wish to goodness I did. I don't know what to do. I want to take care of her and she won't let me."

"You're too gentle with her. She wants a good shaking, and for you to show her you mean to be the master."

"I'm not built that way, Sally. Besides, it isn't done."

"I know. That's the difference between your sort and ours," said Sally shrewdly. "I'm not sure whether it isn't better to have it out without ornament or embroidery. At least it gets it off your chest. If I were you I'd pretend I didn't care a hang. I'd let her absolutely severely alone. She'll come to her senses quicker that way than any other."

"Odd you should say that. Her mother gave me the same advice."

"Oh, have you seen Mrs. Tebbit?"

"I was there this morning, had lunch with them in fact, and enjoyed myself very much."

"They're quite a good sort, though not your sort. Well, do tell me what Winnie's mother said about it, if you don't think I'm butting in too much."

"I don't think that. How could I, after all your friendly kindness? You know Winnie better than anybody, I should say, and it helps a lot to know what you think."

"I'm awfully fond of her, really, though I want to murder her sometimes. There's something about her you can't help liking. She isn't a bit catty, though I don't suppose

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you know what that means, and she's very generous and never goes back on a pal."

"I wish I were a pal, then, instead of only a husband," observed Sherston ruefully.

"Well, you see—" said Sally reflectively. "I don't think you could really expect just to settle down in the old-fashioned usual way all of a sudden. You didn't know much about one another, did you? And then you've been brought up differently. But I do hope it'll turn out all right in the end, and I think it will. But do tell me what Mrs. Tebbit said—I'm sure she's on your side."

"She is a dear woman, and, oddly enough, she says precisely what you say: that I am to leave Winnie alone. She is expecting her home to Paradise Grove to-morrow at the latest, I think, and she promises to do all she can to persuade her to come to Portsmouth. I'll have to leave it at that."

"But you'll see her again?" said Sally quickly.

"I have no such intention. I'm going back to Portsmouth to-morrow morning. I have an appointment with a man from Aldershot there at twelve o'clock."

"But won't you see her to-night at the flat?"

"No; I'm stopping at the Welbeck Hotel."

"Oh, my hat! Is it so bad as that?" exclaimed Sally. "I am sorry, but never mind. It will come all right; I feel it in my bones."

"I wish I felt it in mine; but there isn't anything to be done."

"Not just now. If I were you I'd take Mrs. Tebbit's advice. The first thing that will bring Winnie to her senses is the want of money. It's a beastly horrid thing to say, I know, but if only she could have a spell of bad luck, to be out of a job for quite a while, and be really hard up, it would be excellent for her. She'd come to Portsmouth, I bet you, quick enough."

"But I don't know that I want to be regarded exactly as any port in a storm, Miss Withers. I've never insisted on my rights, but I have a few in the offing, you know."

Sally laughed, well pleased by this little flash of spirit.

"Of course you have; and the sooner you let Winnie know it the better."

A little silence fell then, and presently Sally changed the subject.

"I don't suppose you know that I got rather friendly with your sister before she left London, Mr. Sherston?"

"I'm glad to hear it. The person who couldn't be friendly with you would be a difficult specimen I could imagine. You are just the very soul of friendliness."

"How nice of you to say that; but she's most awfully nice—your sister, I mean—such a good sort, and so clever. She asked me to go for a week-end to Digswell, and I'm going next Friday."

Sherston's interest grew vivid at once.

"How splendid! I'm glad you are going. Give them all my love."

"Don't you write to them regularly?" asked Sally a trifle wistfully.

He shook his head.

"I hadn't anything good to report, so I've been laying low and keeping dark. You speak as if you thought I ought to write?"

"Oh, I do. They're your people, and your sister is most awfully fond of you. She did try to be friendly with Winnie honestly, but there was just something made Winnie horrid to her every time. I told her it was just keeping up spite. She hasn't ever forgiven them for thinking she wasn't good enough for you at the start."

Sherston knew that to be a summary of the situation, but he did not pursue the subject.

"So you're going down to Digswell? It's a lovely old place. I hope you'll like it. You must write and tell me about it."

Sally did not promise. There was a queer, far-away look in her eyes, and as she folded her hands on her knee her face wore a very childlike, pathetic look.

"Oh, Mr. Sherston, I do wish it had been Winnie that was friendly with your sister, and going down to Digswell instead of me."

Sherston did not answer for a moment, nor meet the straight, rather pitiful, gaze of the childlike eyes.

"I don't wish that," he said deliberately.

"What I do wish is that I had married you instead of Winnie. My word, what a different world it would have been to-day!"

Sally's face paled a little, but she looked bravely across the intervening space, hoping he did not see her tremble.

"Don't say things like that. You only say them because you're so hipped. We're pals, good pals, and we want to keep on being that—at least I do. I'm Winnie's pal, too, and I've never gone back on her. I'm

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not going to now, and I'll go on believing that it'll come out all right and that you'll be happy yet. As I said before—I feel it in my bones."

Sherston blessed her for her good sense and good feeling. But he did not apologise for the words that had been wrung from him by the stress of the moment. They contained a sufficient modicum of truth to make them irrevocable. He stood up, looking very tall and fine in the half light, and held out his hand.

"Good-bye, little pal; I'll never forget you; and if—and if—the happy day you speak of ever comes, it will be owing largely to you. I wish there were more of you in the world. I am certain it would be a better world then, for poor beggars like me."

He went then, before Sally Withers had summoned sufficient self-control to answer him.

She watched him disappear through the swing door, and then sank back in the low chair with a queer, wrung expression on her face.

Sally was deeply moved, far more deeply than she liked to feel, and at the back of her mind was a most poignant regret. If only—if only—

"Sally, Sally Withers, shut up, hold nard, don't be a little fool!" she said larkly and determinedly under her breath. "Play the game, Sally, play the game! There isn't anything else in the world worth loing. And there's such a lot not playing it. Oh, heavens, such a lot!"

She put her hands before her eyes for a moment to force back the scalding tears. She was quite alone there in the half dark, the lights not being turned up yet; and nobody was witness to that very bitter bit of the road the loyal little soul was called to battle with alone.

She sat there a long time, and when she sufficiently recovered herself, took up the cigarette Sherston had given her, lit a match and blew it out again. She had a fine perception of Sherston's standard; somehow she knew just what things he liked in a woman and what jarred upon him. She had often seen the hardening of his features when Winnie was more than usually pronounced in speech or behaviour, and had understood.

In spite of her brave words she was not very optimistic about the Sherstons' future. Even giving both the benefit of the doubt,

she could not discover any permanent platform for their happiness.

She was thinking of that when the swing doors revolved again and Winnie came through, wearing the black silk wrap over her summer frock, and the floral toque which made her face look so pretty and piquant.

"There you are, Sal, my luck's in for the first time this blessed day! I'm dead beat," cried Winnie as she gave her a light kiss and dropped into the chair Sherston had so lately vacated. "Oh, what a day! But I've got the stuff out of the flat—all my stuff, I mean. I'm sleeping there to-night, and go back to mother's to-morrow."

Sally did not speak for a full minute. A fierce debate was going on inside. Should she or should she not tell Winnie of Sherston's visit? She decided to be guided by what Winnie herself should say.

"I've had a rotten day, absolutely rotten. Every blessed thing went wrong. The van didn't come in time, and I haven't had a decent meal since last night, when Perry dined me at Poldini's. But my luck was out immediately after. He took me back to the flat in a taxi, and there was Jack waiting. It gave me quite a turn, I can tell you."

"I should think it did. It's rotten, you know, Win, to play about with Perry Butler like that. Why do you? You don't even care for him. If you did there would be some excuse."

"Go it. Good old muvver! I keep on with Perry because he's useful and gives me a good time. I'm a bit fed up with him now. I think Jack came up from Portsmouth to take me down, like a bundle or a portmanteau. But I dashed well soon told him I wasn't having any."

"What's your objection to Portsmouth, Winnie?"

"I don't want to leave London. When he can get me a home here and a proper income I'll fulfil my part of the bargain. He hasn't fulfilled his."

"What was that?" asked Sally interestedly.

But brought to book, Winnie could not return any satisfactory explanation.

"He took me in," she repeated, going over the old, old grievance. "I never would have married him if I thought he hadn't any money. That takes a lot of getting over. He doesn't seem to think it matters; but I do."

"He is in a good way of making money

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now, don't you think?" asked Sally innocently.

"So he says; but I need proof. If ever he gets to be a big profiteer out of the rubbish of camps he'll find me on the doorstep."

"Aren't you ashamed to be such a money-grubber, Winnie Tebbit?"

"Mrs. Jack Sherston, if you please," said Winnie with a laugh. "You may talk highfalutin as much and as long as you like, Sally, but you have to admit that we can't do without money. You couldn't live in this nice comfortable place, for instance, if you weren't earning good money. Your luck's in, and mine is out. I don't believe you honestly tried to get me a berth at your place."

"I honestly did," said Sally quietly, but did not trouble to be extravagant in her assurances. "Tell me, Win, are you really in earnest? Won't you go back to Portsmouth with your husband to-morrow?"

"Who told you he was going to-morrow?" asked Winnie, her eyes like two hard beads, immediately fixing Sally's face.

"He did. He's been here, Win; not been gone more than twenty minutes. It's a wonder you didn't meet him."

"What was he doing here?" asked Winnie, and an edge crept into her voice of which Sally was immediately and acutely conscious.

"He came to ask for his sister."

"Mean to say he didn't know she had gone to Digswell? Tell that to the marines! I don't believe it," said Winnie scoffingly. "More likely he came to see you."

To this Sally made no response. She felt the hostility in the air, however, and guessed that a breach between them was imminent.

She was perfectly aware that they did not



"What I do wish is that I'd married you instead of Winnie"
—p. 1023

agree on certain points, and Winnie was quite evidently in the mood to make trouble.

Sally was indifferent. She no longer valued Winnie's good opinion nor particularly her friendship. Her complete and utter selfishness had spoiled everything.

"When did he come here? How long did he stop, and what did you talk about?" asked Winnie with a slightly threatening note in her voice.

"He came about six and stayed about three-quarters of an hour—"

"And what did you talk about?"

"You—most of the time. I was bored stiff with it. He can't talk about anything else."

Winnie's bead-like eyes never for a moment left Sally's face, but she was puzzled to read its expression.

"This is very interesting. Tell me what he said. I suppose he abused me, and you both sat in judgment on me."

"If you like to think that you can, Win; I shan't take the trouble to contradict you."

"Of course, I know what you think.

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You've never hidden it from me. You think I should lick Jack Sherston's boots and thank God on my bended knees that he has married me. Well, I'm not doing it, and if you want him, you're welcome to him—so there! It might be a short cut out of the difficulty."

Sally's face set like a mask. She rose slowly and looked towards the door.

"You've got a nasty mind, Winnie, and I'm through with you. If that's all you've got to say to me you can go out by that door, see, and don't come in again until you have learned how to behave yourself and to keep a civil tongue in your head. You may wipe your boots on Jack Sherston, if you like, but you won't wipe them on me, not while I can still sit up and take a little notice. Do you understand?"

Winnie understood perfectly, and, inwardly, slightly quailed before something in Sally's eyes she had never seen there before.

"You can't look me straight in the face, Sally Withers, and say you've played the game."

"I don't want to look in your face and say anything at all. I'm through with you until you learn to behave yourself. When you come back and apologise I'll talk to you again, and not until. Good night."

She picked up her few belongings, nodded coolly, and walked off towards the staircase, leaving Winnie sitting, petrified with astonishment, in the lounge. She finished her cigarette, and then, with a very curious expression on her face, drew on her gloves and left the place.

Her restlessness was terrible. She looked up and down the Marylebone Road, and then began to walk rapidly in the direction of Great Portland Street. Arrived at the Welbeck Hotel, she summoned up all her courage, and entering, asked at the desk whether Mr. Sherston was in the house.

Her luck was out again, however, for the usual clerk was at her supper, and the substitute made a mistake and answered that no person of that name was staying in the hotel.

After that she went back to the deserted flat, made herself a poor little meal, went early to bed, and sobbed herself to sleep.

One by one the props were leaving her, and she was a little afraid of the future. Had Sherston called again late that evening possibly he might have had a different reception, and the story would have ended

more quickly and happily. He was sitting alone in one of the stalls at the Empire, taking no interest whatever in the show, only longing to be back at work where a man had a chance to forget for a time at least his personal and private sorrows. He left Waterloo next morning by the seven-forty train.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Week-End at Digswell

THE little station at Digswell was one of the prettiest on the Great Western line. Grace Sherston thought so as she drove up with the little pony cart about half past seven on a Friday evening to meet the afternoon express from Paddington.

She left it in charge of the station lad and walked up and down the long platform, looking at the gay flower-beds and the pretty country stretching away towards the sea.

They were only three miles from Clevedon, and when the wind was in certain directions could feel the tang of the sea.

But there was no tang in the wind on that lovely June evening; indeed there was scarcely any air abroad at all. The sky was the most heavenly blue, flecked with long bars and shafts of pale gold deepening to flame towards the sunset. An exquisite evening! She felt glad that it was so fine for Sally's sake.

Grace Sherston looked well in her country clothes, and had undoubtedly found her true environment. Something high-bred, possessive, individual, characterised her movements, and she was absolutely at home handling a horse.

It had rather surprised her to find how well she could handle even a restive one, for she had not learned to ride or drive at Putney. It was in the blood. She belonged to the soil.

Her figure was very graceful, and she walked with a kind of swaying dignity which many admired. She had a better colour than when working at the War Office, and her eyes, so clear and straight, had dispensed with the double eyeglasses. Sally caught sight of her as the long train swept up the platform, and by the time Grace had hastened along to meet her she had got out, grasping the modest suit-case which contained all the belongings she had been able to collect for use on her first visit to a great house. Sally was far too

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wise as well as too simple to spend a lot of money on unnecessary things to try and impress her entertainers.

She believed that she was asked for her own sake, and that they were just going to be kind to her without expecting that she could emulate their style at all.

She was a very different dresser from Winnie—fashion did not lure Sally Withers at all. But she possessed a queer, if slightly crude, artistic sense which kept her off harsh colours or violent contrasts, or anything bizarre or likely to attract attention.

She had decided on the kind of clothes which suited her, and adhered to them, thus giving to her appearance a certain individual touch.

She always bought good clothes too, preferring to wait until she could afford them, whereas Winnie piled up quantities of cheap blouses, flimsy frocks, all sorts of odds and ends, just because she liked variety.

The result, where Sally was concerned, was pleasing, and lots of people looked at her a second time, wondering who she was and where she had got the quaint, attractive individual touch.

Grace Sherston, smiling delightedly, took both her hands and then kissed her, which brought the flush of pleasure to Sally's face.

"There you are! I'm so glad to see you, Sally. How sweet you look, and what a lovely day. I'm so glad we can show you Digswell in all its glory."

"I'm not minding about Digswell, I'm so pleased to see you," said Sally frankly. "You look absolutely ripping, and different—quite different. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing particular, only living in the open a good deal and enjoying life very much."

"I know," said Sally quietly. "You belong, that's all there is to it. You ought never to have been in London. It wasn't your bit—"

"I might say the same to you. Don't you have any hankerings after Zumerst?"

"I might have a few now and again, but I like old London too, and my work gets more interesting every day. I've learned quite a lot of new things about the country since I've been in the Ministry of Agriculture. And I'm most awfully respectful to farmers. I know all about their difficulties and responsibilities, you see. I've been present when lots of deputations inter-

viewed my chief, and I'm getting quite an expert."

"You'll have to talk to father. He's taking a tremendous interest in the Home Farm, and I was only saying to mother yesterday that when my uncle comes back from Batavia we shall all hate to turn out."

"Perhaps it won't ever be necessary. All sorts of things happen one never expects. Are you going up this lovely lane? Oh! doesn't the may smell sweet? It's just like paradise. This is a prettier part of Somerset than Appleford, where I come from."

"It is lovely, and we're only half a mile from the sea at the Priory. We can see the beach from our terrace. Well, and so old London is in the same place still. Tell me, do you ever see Winnie?"

"I saw her last about a week ago," said Sally cautiously. They had not met since the memorable night when they had measured swords in the lounge of the hostel in North Park Street; but Sally had some first-hand information regarding Winnie's latest movements from her brother, Ernie Tebbit, whom she had met accidentally one day in the Tube.

"How is she, and hasn't she gone to my brother yet?"

"Not yet."

"You surprise me. I quite thought from what he said in a letter to father that they had settled down together in Portsmouth."

"He came up to take her there, but she wouldn't go."

"And is she still at the flat?"

"Oh, no; that's given up. She sold some of the things to the people who took it, and the rest she took home to her mother's house at Brixton."

Grace knit her brows in perplexity, and her eyes were sad.

"It's a tragedy, don't you think, one of the big tragedies of the war?"

"There are heaps of them," said Sally.

"I'm always coming up against a fresh one. Nobody seems to want to keep on at anything nowadays. I feel a bit like that myself."

"I hope you see her sometimes, Sally. I've often told mother that the most hopeful thing about it all is that she has you for a friend."

Sally coloured to the very tips of her little shell-like ears.

"I like Win all right; she's a good sort if she was let alone. We had a bit of a tiff last week. It was after your brother

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had been in London. I didn't like what she said, and told her quite straight what I thought. There's a coolness, but that'll go off," added Sally with a queer little flickering smile. "Win's like the rest of us, I'm afraid. She has no use for anybody who doesn't approve of everything she says and does. It's going to come right, though, Grace," she added, somewhat timidly getting out the name. "I shouldn't worry about it too much if I were you. It *will* come right. Winnie's got sense tucked away at the back, and she'll come up against it by and by."

Sally's assurance was so comforting that the gloom gradually cleared from Grace Sherston's brow. It was not easy to be gloomy on that beautiful evening when all nature seemed to be hushed in peace in which there was no jarring note.

"Ever heard the nightingale?" asked Grace suddenly. "Hush! There he is!"

She drew up the cart rather sharply at an angle in the pretty lane, and in the sweet dusk they listened to the flood of melody being poured from the thicket in the hollow.

"I used to hear it sometimes at Appleford, but it didn't sound so loud and clear," said Sally.

"It's good luck when the nightingales come back to their old haunts," said Grace, urging the pony forward again. "They had been gone from Digswell Woods quite a long while. This summer they've come back."

"Because they like you being here," said Sally with her quaint provoking smile. Grace nodded and said she hoped so. Presently they came to the lodge gates which opened in fine style to let them into the sombre reaches of the long avenue leading to the house.

"Say, do you think it'll be all right up there?" asked Sally timidly. "Shall I know how to behave myself? Will they be glad to see me?"

"Wait and see," said Grace, not taking Sally's words seriously.

Nevertheless it was a very timid Sally that was presently welcomed with a kind graciousness by Mrs. Sherston, who had settled down very comfortably at Digswell and only wished she could stay in it for ever.

"It ought to be ours, Christopher," she had said more than once to her husband. "Look what it has done for you. You're

a different man already. If only fortune had been kinder to us!"

Grace had talked a great deal about Sally Withers to her mother, who had raised no objections to the week-end visit.

She was not keenly interested, however, taking this queer acquaintance merely as part of the fads arising out of the war. But when she saw the girl's small, piquant face and wistful eyes she felt her charm, which caused a most unusual warmth to be infused into her welcome.

"I'm very glad to see you, my dear—we all are. You are tired, I am sure, after your long journey; but you will feel better after you have had something to eat. You will excuse Mr. Sherston and me not having waited dinner for you, but Grace and you will have your little evening meal together."

Sally thanked her demurely, her terror and nervousness gone, all her eyes for the beauty and dignity of that wonderful old house known to artists and connoisseurs all over the world. Had Sally been called to deliver an opinion she might have said that it seemed strange and hardly fair that so much value and beauty should belong exclusively to one or even to two or three people. Sally was a Socialist by nature; habit and upbringing and her London life had brought home to her rather keenly some of the big injustices of life.

But her own charm took the edge off anything she had to say on the subject; her gay philosophy disarmed all she came in contact with.

Grace took her up to the big wide room dressed in summer chintz with great roses sprawling all over it, where there was some priceless Jacobean furniture accompanied by decorations and accessories in which there was not a jarring note. It was of Jack Sherston Sally thought rather pitifully as she emptied the contents of her small suitcase and laid on the bed the little frock of amber *crêpe de Chine* which her own clever fingers had fashioned for this great event in her life.

How could he, if this were his real environment and setting, ever have endured the sordid reality of the private soldier's life? And what had attracted him to Winnie Tebbitt?

She thought of some of Winnie's ways, and the reality of things at the newsagent's shop in Paradise Grove gave her a queer turn which was almost a nausea.



"She folded her arms on the broad ledge,
and peered into the dusky night"—p. 1033

Drawn by
H. Collier

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"There's things about this queer life we don't get the hang of, and I don't suppose we ever will," she said to herself as she laid against the pale lemon of the little frock the dusky flame of a string of dark amber beads she had picked up cheaply, unstrung, at one of her haunts where second-hand things can be picked up by those who know how to buy. She found herself humming as she brushed the mop of her hair: "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood!"

"Winnie ain't got the seeing eye; she's holding everything cheap just now," she added ruefully. "Well, it's got to come right—it just has got to."

When Grace came to fetch her she was quite ready.

"How pretty you look, my dear, and what a sweet frock!" cried Grace in genuine admiration.

"Racksmith's bargain basement, June sale, five and elevenpence the yard, reduced because it wasn't a colour everybody could wear, and a remnant at that. I made it myself off a paper pattern. The beads? Oh! they came out of the Caledonian market. Ever been there?"

"Never. They're real amber, Sally—and such big fine ones!"

"I found them loose in an old crock on the pavement, gave seven and six for the lot, strung them myself. I'm glad you like them. I'll be lost in this big room. Say, don't you ever feel lonely so far away from everybody, all by your little selves in such a castle?"

Grace smiled, tucked the small brown hand under her arm, and they descended to the dining-room together where Sally was awed by the presence of a rather stately butler with a pink and white face and silvered hair which made him look like an elderly cherub. She enjoyed her dainty meal, however, and chattered without ceasing, delighting Grace with her caustic remarks and her vivid outlook on everything.

They did not talk any more about Jack and Winnie, but a little later, when she found herself in one corner of the big Chesterfield couch in the drawing-room and Mrs. Sherston in another, Sally had rather a bad quarter of an hour.

"My daughter tells me you see my son's wife sometimes?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do; at least I saw her about ten days ago—no, only a week ago

this very night. She came to see me at the place where I live."

"She tells me, too, that my son was up in London last week?"

"Yes, he was; I saw him too."

"Tell me how he is looking. We haven't seen him since we left London, and have only once heard from him."

"He is perfectly well, Mrs. Sherston, and getting on splendidly. He told me so."

"In his business you mean, I suppose?"

Sally nodded.

"Perhaps you can enlighten us as to the exact nature of the business. In the only letter we have had from him he spoke vaguely of the salvage of camps. What does that mean? It seems odd for me to have to question you like this, Miss Withers, and I hope you don't mind."

"I don't mind at all," Sally assured her solemnly.

She had already taken the measure of Mrs. Sherston, and realised that, in her own picturesque vernacular, she couldn't hold a candle either to her daughter or her son. She had not yet met the head of the house.

She stood in no awe, however, of Mrs. Sherston, but was merely amused by the height of her condescending kindness. She could separate the two qualities, however; cling to the kindness and shelve the condescension. It was a rare gift she possessed which enabled her to get on with all kinds of strange conflicting elements, and even sometimes to reconcile them.

Totally unaware of how correctly and rather mercilessly this small elf-like bird of the common world was weighing her up, Mrs. Sherston still further condescended in pursuit of information regarding her son.

"As you have seen them both so recently you can give me the latest news of them. How is Winnie?"

"Perfectly well, Mrs. Sherston; in fact I never saw her look better."

"And what is she doing? Still at the War Office I suppose? Don't you think it a pity the War Office keeps on these young war wives? It would be so much better if they gave the work to the demobilised members of the Women's Legions, don't you think?"

"They aren't giving the work to anybody," said Sally bluntly. "They're paying them off in shoals every day. Winnie hasn't been at the War Office for some weeks now."

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"Dear me! And what is she doing now, then? Isn't she with my son?"

"Not yet. You see she's giving up the flat and selling some of her things and taking the rest of them to her mother's."

"But why to her mother's?" asked Mrs. Sherston perplexedly.

"Well, because she is going there herself till she gets a new job," said Sally, obliged to answer the questions truthfully, because there was no other way out. And, anyhow, there did not seem to be any particular reason why Mrs. Sherston should be spared any of the details.

"Another job! You surprise me! I understood from the letter my son sent to his father that he was now in a position to make a home for his wife. Why hasn't she gone to him?"

"Well, because she just won't, Mrs. Sherston. You see, Winnie loves London and doesn't want to leave it."

"But that is matter of no consequence at all—her likes or dislikes, I mean. A wife's place is with her husband—"

"Winnie doesn't see it like that."

"You distress me when you tell me that. Does it mean that they are not happy any more?"

Sally pondered this leading question.

"Well they're not just settled down yet, don't you know. Both of them feel that it isn't easy to settle down. Winnie's been on her own a long time now with good money to spend."

"But my son couldn't help that. He was serving his country," said Mrs. Sherston jealously.

Sally nodded in full comprehension.

"Yes, of course; he wasn't to blame, and he isn't to blame now. He's got something to offer Winnie, and she won't take it because it doesn't happen to suit her views. It will suit them by and by—I told him—if only he'll hold on long enough."

Mrs. Sherston looked more deeply perplexed and troubled.

The ordered comfort and luxury of the life she was enjoying to the full had in some strange way awakened the pangs of conscience regarding Jack. At the back of her mind she had even the lurking fear that she had failed him. She longed to hear that in spite of them he was doing well and making good. It cost her pride something to talk things over with this strange product of modern life; but the fact that through her she would probably get some light on

the situation regarding her son and his wife had made her willing to welcome Sally Withers to Digswell Priory.

Already she admitted her quaint charm; now she was up against her other qualities, her shrewd common sense, her quick alert grip of the bigger issues of life and conduct.

"You talk as if you had had some conversation with my son on the subject."

"Yes, I had," answered Sally in a slightly lowered voice. "He asked me whether I could do anything. But I couldn't. Nobody can with Winnie. She's like that. Everything she does has got to come off her own bat, if you know what I mean."

"I can guess. Of course, I always felt that she was a crude undeveloped creature who needed both discipline and education. There is no harm in my talking frankly to you because I understand from Grace that you have been a good friend to both of them. Now tell me, did my son speak quite frankly to you about this strange new business he is engaged in?"

"He did."

"Will you explain it to me, then, because both Mr. Sherston and I are a good deal in the dark about it yet?"

"When he left London he tramped on foot down to Portsmouth, at least nearly to it, and he got the idea as he passed by all the big camps that are down that way that money could be made out of the salvage."

"What is salvage really? Do tell me if you know."

Sally smiled a little.

"He was very amusing about it. He described the piles of scrap iron and biscuit tins and bully beef tins, and bottles and old crocks and things lying about. He said he had become a rag-and-bone merchant, and he had a little cart, I don't just know whether it was a moke or a pony that drew it. That's how he began, but it's got bigger and bigger and now he doesn't even handle the stuff, he buys and sells it over again to the people who remove it."

"How extraordinary!" said Mrs. Sherston faintly, and Sally felt her shrinking at the suggestion of the rag-and-bone business.

"Then he was fortunate in meeting an old lady who was most awfully good to him. She lent him a hundred pounds to start off with. He paid that back in seven weeks, Mrs. Sherston; don't you think that was pretty good?"

"It was indeed. He did not tell us any

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of these details in his letter, I wonder at it. Do you know why he did not tell us all these interesting things we would so much like to hear? It's an extraordinary story, I hope you will tell my husband all about it just as you have told me. But I am very troubled to hear that Winnie is behaving like that. Don't you think it very wrong of her not going down to Portsmouth to help him? It's her duty, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, but the trouble is to convince Winnie that it is. Duty doesn't mean very much to her, I'm afraid."

"I think I must write to her and point it out."

"Oh, don't!" cried Sally on the spur of the moment, trying to picture the effect a duty letter inspired by Mrs. Sherston would be likely to have on Winnie in her present frame of mind.

"But why? It seems to me that older, wiser people fail in their duty if they don't speak out frankly to the younger set."

Sally looked straight into Mrs. Sherston's rather cold grey eyes and said frankly:

"Don't do it, Mrs. Sherston, it'll do harm instead of good! You see, Winnie hasn't any use for you just now, not any use at all."

Mrs. Sherston's back literally stiffened at this amazing pronouncement.

"Dear me, what an extraordinary thing for you to say. I was very kind to her while Jack was away, at least I tried to be, but she was very difficult, very difficult indeed. If by any happy chance now my son had married *you* everything would have been easy."

Sally's face did not flame at this wholly unexpected remark, but set in a queer mask.

"I don't think it's a bit of good really talking any more about it, Mrs. Sherston. They'll have to work it out for themselves same as everybody has in this world."

At the moment the butler opened the door, his pink and white composure slightly ruffled.

"Please'm, that is, Mr. John Sherston just arrived by motor from Clevedon, ma'am. He's in the library with Mr. Sherston."

CHAPTER XIX

Jack Tells His Story

WITH a hurried excuse to Sally, Mrs. Sherston hastened away, leaving that young person sitting upright on the couch with a very odd expression on her face. She knew that she had told Jack

Sherston of her intended visit to Digswell; had he remembered it? Was it on her account he had come?

The prey of disturbing thoughts, Sally rose suddenly and advancing to the piano began to play. She was not a cultured player, and had never been able to improve on some very elementary music lessons she had taken from the village schoolmistress at Appleford.

But she had the musical sense, and a passionate love of tune and melody. She was also clever at improvising, and the moment her fingers touched the keys of that beautiful instrument she forgot her worries and an expression of complete composure returned to her features.

She was rehearsing some old folk melodies she had gathered in Appleford when Grace burst into the room, in an excited way most unusual to her.

"Sally, have you heard, but of course you can't have—Jack has arrived. My brother, I mean. He has come for the week-end all the way from Hants to see father and mother. I am so glad about it."

Sally sat back smiling amiably.

"I'm very glad for your sakes he has come. He hasn't by any chance brought Winnie with him, has he?"

"Winnie! Oh, no, how could he? He made a cross country journey. You never saw anybody so glad as father. He had tears in his eyes. I don't know when I felt so excited about anything."

Sally had no reply to this. After a minute she rose, shaking out her soft amber skirts.

"If you'll excuse me, Miss Sherston, I think I'll go to bed. I'm most awfully tired really, and, anyway, this is a family occasion."

Grace glanced at the clock.

"It's only half-past nine, Sally."

"I know, but quite often I go to bed about nine when I have nothing to do. I need an awful lot of sleep, and I was very excited about coming here. You don't realise what an event it is in my life. And I am simply longing to climb into that wonderful high bed in the lovely pink room and study the birds and roses and flowers from it. Do let me. I can read, you know. I've never slept in a bedroom nor even seen one where there was a dear little bookcase filled with books. I can't imagine how you ever get your visitors to go away when you treat them so wonderfully."

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Grace merely smiled.

"Well, if you'd rather. I think you do look a little tired. Jack will be pleased, I am sure, to hear you are here, though no doubt he will be surprised."

Sally did not tell her he was aware of the fact already.

She felt the need of walking warily, and she wished with her whole heart that Jack Sherston had chosen some other week-end to visit and make it up with his people. She needed nobody to tell her that if Winnie ever got to hear of it she would twist and wilfully misconstrue it, and probably make a great many people uncomfortable over it. Sally had the instinct to flee, and she fled, up to the wonderful room of the pink chintz roses where she shut the door and sat down at the open window, whose casements thrown wide, admitted the sweet night air heavy with the scent of lilac and may, and all the laden abundance of departing spring and awakening summer.

She folded her arms on the broad ledge, dipped her chin on them and peered into the dusky night. It was by no means a silent night. Innumerable twitterings filled the air, and the nightingale was singing in the wood below.

It awakened a strange passion in the vivid soul of Sally Withers, a kind of deep longing for something she could not have put into words. It was life calling to her, life and love, and there was no open door. When she climbed, after a long interval, into the high poster bed she fell asleep with tears on her cheeks.

Meanwhile in the library in a remote part of the great house far removed from the pink chintz bedroom Jack Sherston was sitting between his father and mother answering their questions, not hiding his gladness at being united to them, and yet making them feel somehow that he no longer belonged, but had become a strong independent personality needing nothing from them, least of all their interference in his affairs. For a time the talk hinged entirely on his present mode of life and his business prospects. It was principally a duet between father and son; the mother, sitting back listening and intently studying Jack, had the odd secret feeling that she had somehow forfeited the right to question him. Possibly something remote and standoffish in his attitude suggested this; anyhow, she was singularly quiet.

"Miss Withers told us about some old lady who helped you, Jack," she said at last. "Who was it? You know Miss Withers, of course, and you'll be pleased to hear that she is here to-night? Grace invited her for the week-end."

Sherston made no comment, nor did he look conscious. He was far less conscious than Sally. Either he had forgotten that she intended to pay this visit or thought it a matter of no consequence.

Certainly he knew of no reason why the fact of her presence in the house should keep him from it.

All he said in answer to his mother's question was, "She was a good friend to Winnie."

The mention of Winnie's name gave his mother the opening she desired.

"I rather wish you had brought Winnie. Jack, why didn't you?"

"I should if I'd known you would have been glad to see her, mother," he answered without a moment's hesitation. "But she's been very busy getting out of her flat, and settling up things. Let the invitation stand over and we'll come yet."

The tone and substance of his answer rather surprised Mrs. Sherston, it was so completely matter-of-fact. Either things were not so bad as Sally had led her to believe, or he intended to keep his domestic worries to himself.

"You were asking about Miss Thurlow. Talking of week-ends—if you really want to do me a kindness, ask Miss Thurlow down on a visit. She's a wonderful woman, daughter of Sir Richard Thurlow, of Bransom Hall, near Portsmouth. We met quite accidentally at The Green Man at Shotley Bridge when I was tramping south from London. I don't know how it happened, but we seemed to get on well together. She invited me to her house in Portsmouth, and then of her own free will offered to finance my salvage scheme. She believed, as I did, that it would succeed, and was not in the least surprised when I was able to repay the loan in a very few weeks' time."

"It is an amazing record," said Mr. Sherston, his fine face wearing an expression of complete satisfaction. He had acquiesced rather than approved of the treatment meted out to Jack at the time they were leaving London. All his life long he had submitted for peace' sake to the jurisdiction and leading of his wife in most of his

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affairs. It was her decision to accept their kinsman's offer of a temporary home at Digswell during his absence. The line of least resistance, however, is not always the happiest, and poor Mr. Sherston had had many secret qualms over his son's future.

To have him there in the flesh, looking fit and well, so much more like his old self than at any period during his war service, and above all to hear his cheerful, hopeful account of himself and his affairs, filled him with joy and thankfulness which could not be put into words.

Grace came in presently, and they sat till nearly eleven o'clock discussing all sorts and conditions of things. But discussion of Winnie was not pursued. When they said good night at last Jack lingered downstairs for a little longer to smoke a last pipe with his father. When the door closed on the two women, they drew their chairs nearer together and smiled across the space at one another, with that deep satisfaction which only comrades know.

"My boy," said Mr. Sherston with a slight tremor in his voice, "I wish that you had written to me when you needed that money, I could have raised it easily. It would have been better to borrow it from me."

"I don't know about that. I should not have known Miss Thurlow in quite the same way, and that would have been a great loss. It was all part of the comradeship of the road. It's a great comradeship, father, the most satisfying in the world."

Mr. Sherston listened, but quite evidently his thoughts were a little preoccupied and detached.

"I've been greatly interested and uplifted by all you have told me about your business prospects, and I see no reason why you should not go on achieving more success. You grasped the opportunity and everything waits on the happy man who has that capacity. But tell me, Jack, about your home life, I confess that carries me some anxiety. I don't like this continued separation from your wife. Surely her place is by your side. What is the meaning of it?"

Sherston hesitated only a moment before he answered frankly. "Father, I'm afraid the true explanation of it all is that we both made a ghastly mistake."

"Well, even granted it was a mistake, it can be retrieved. You can make the best

of it. So long as you and she are faithful to your marriage vows there is hope."

An expression of extreme bitterness crossed the younger Sherston's face.

"But that's just what I'm not sure about, father," he said with difficulty. "Last time I saw her, about two weeks ago, I was afraid that the real barrier between is another man."

"Who is he? Do you know him?"

"I don't know him personally, only of him."

"Can't you get her out of his clutches? Perhaps it has not gone farther than mere dallying."

"Sally Withers says she's straight, but if she is I'm not able to understand why she won't come to Portsmouth and give me a trial."

"Have you insisted on it? Exercised your authority as a husband? There is a type of woman who needs to be shown that she has a master."

Jack Sherston forbore to smile, but merely answered with extreme gravity.

"That type of woman is as extinct as the dodo, father, killed by the war or something else equally strong, some relentless force we can't set aside. That old boggy, the superiority and supremacy of man, is exploded long ago, and the modern woman merely laughs at it. She's terribly capable and independent, father, conscious of her power and her rights. Winnie is an elemental creature in many respects, but she's got hold of the modern ideal or creed with a vengeance. She is a law to herself in every relation of life."

"It is an impossible standard, my son. No life, even the humblest, can be based upon it. Winnie must be taught the true meaning of life. Are you sure you have done your part, that you can do no more to help and guide her?"

"I confess I don't know what else to do. You see, she is not like the women I have known. There is no depth, nothing to build upon, or to appeal to."

"Oh, come, I hope it is not so bad as that, my boy. You can't have been attracted by a creature so wholly vapid. I did not dislike the little I saw of her, and though she never seemed quite at home at Vale House, there was no suggestion of weakness. I think there is more in your wife than is apparent to the casual eye."

Sherston had no reply to that. It seemed rather a futile discussion, and presently his

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father made a diversion by speaking about Sally Withers.

"So that charming girl Grace has invited for the week-end is a friend of Winnie's. What does she think or say about the situation?"

"She agrees with Mrs. Tebbit that the thing is to leave Winnie alone for a time."

"Who is Mrs. Tebbit?"

"My mother-in-law. Don't you remember it was Winnie Tebbit I married?"

"It is an odd name, and where does your mother-in-law live?"

"At Brixton in very humble circumstances, but good, honest, sound people. If Winnie were a little more like her mother we might have half a chance. Now tell me, father, what news have you from Uncle Loftus?"

"In his last letter he complained of his health. It has not been at all good since he left England, and he seemed out of spirits when he wrote last."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Has the object of the journey not been attained, then? Or the business part of it proved disappointing?"

"He had very little to say about that. I dare say I could find the letter for you tomorrow. He asked a great many questions about you in it, which surprised me very much because he did not take much interest in you before he went away, when I asked him whether he could not do something for you."

"I'm sorry you did that, father," said Sherston quickly. "The last thing I wanted on earth was charity from Uncle Loftus. He has never been a very good friend to us."

"He has always been a disappointed and unhappy man. The woman he wanted to marry turned him down at the last moment for another man."



" 'If Jack Sherston had the cash you'd be there right enough ' "—p. 1037

*Drawn by
H. Collier*

"There generally is a woman in the case when a man takes disgruntled views of life," said Sherston a trifle cynically. "But fancy poor old Uncle Loftus! Who would ever have imagined him a hero of romance? He seemed as dry as a powder flask and very nearly as explosive."

"He has had very little happiness or comfort out of this inheritance. This house ought to be full of children, Jack. It is far too big and rambling to be a comfortable home for two old people."

"It's a jolly comfortable house, father, and I shouldn't mind its size supposing it came my way and there was money to keep it up. What did he say when you asked him to find a place for me?"

"Said you would be a better man if you found it yourself."

"He'd approve of the salvage stunt, then; perhaps I'll write to him, poor old boy, while I'm here, and tell him I've been able to get along without him."

"Yes, do, it would please him, and I think

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after you've read Lis letter you'll want to do it. He says a good many things about you. He had met someone on the voyage, an officer who was with you in the East, and who apparently had been singing your praises and explaining at great length to your uncle the injustice and personal persecution you endured out there."

Jack Sherston reddened slightly. He had kept his finger tightly on the scamy side of his campaigning and had never hinted at the long chain of petty indignity and suffering he had endured at the hands of a bullying superior officer who made his life a misery to him and managed to put a successful spoke in every wheel that promised to revolve in his favour.

"I wonder who that could be? Did he mention the name of the officer, father?"

"I think he did, some name like Shadbold or Chadbolt—"

"That was the boulder that had his knife in me, but who was the man Uncle Loftus travelled with?"

"Tremaine—Brook Tremaine. I remember it because I knew his sister in Norfolk when I was a young man. You never told me anything about all this, Jack. I think it a pity; it might have explained some of the things we, but especially your mother, could not understand."

"There was no use talking of it after it, was over. I'm rather glad, however, that Colonel Tremaine tackled Uncle Loftus. It kind of redeemed the family honour, don't you know; yes, I'm glad. I'll write to the old boy to-morrow, and I'll be very glad if you can find me his letter."

They sat a little longer talking over matters intimately affecting the Sherston family, though not Jack's share in it. Midnight had struck when they said good night. Sherston remembered when he was half-way up the stairs that Sally Withers was in the house, and wondered in what part of it. He had ceased to feel surprise at anything now. Life had become as it were a continuous series of surprises, and all one's foregone conclusions and expectations were liable to be upset at the shortest notice.

He slept soundly in one of the noblest guest chambers at the Priory, and felt rested and refreshed when he woke up.

The sun was flooding his room through a gable window where the curtains had not been drawn. He sprang up and began to dress immediately without looking at the time, only aware that he had had sufficient

sleep and that the glory of the morning beckoned him out of doors.

Through the open window he heard a trill of song, and peering carefully through the casement he saw Sally Withers bare-headed in the sun walking down under a long pergola ablaze with the glory of the June roses. It was the most beautiful thing Sally had ever seen in her life, and when Sherston joined her about fifteen minutes later, she could talk of nothing else.

"I had no idea there could be anything so lovely in the world. Of course, we had good gardens in Appleford, where I was brought up, but only cottage gardens."

"They grow the best roses, though," said Sherston with a smile. "I was surprised to hear last night that you were here. Why did you run off to bed so early as if I were a boggy man?"

"It was a family occasion. Besides, I was most frightfully tired. Now I've seen this place and your people I'm more than ever surprised at you and the things you've done. You're a plucky one. I'm sure if I'd been born here—"

"But I wasn't born here, you see; I've only seen it once or twice."

"But it belongs to the Sherstons, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes, undoubtedly it is what the story books call the cradle of our race. It doesn't sort very well with the salvage business, old scrap iron and Maconochie tins and other rubbish."

"But that's just where you're wrong," said Sally with a queer far-away look in her eyes. "It wouldn't matter at all what you did, you'd always do it the right way and you'd belong here, that's the great point you can't get away from."

"I'll never belong here," said Sherston quickly, wondering just what she meant but deciding not to ask. His heart warmed to her, she was so comradely, so real, so entirely natural and unaffected. And had so much vision!

"Can you picture Winnie here?" she asked presently. "I can. I hope she'll see it some day, I believe it would be the making of Winnie."

"I don't understand you very well, and I can't imagine why you should bring Winnie into this picture. She's far enough separated from it in all conscience."

"That's the pity of it! But she's got to come! Something tells me she will some day, and that it will fix up everything."

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"Are you a witch of En-dor, Sally?"

Sally shook her small brown head, but in her eyes there was a queer look as of one who sees a vision she does not care at the moment to pass on.

CHAPTER XX

Winnie Goes Home

MABEL TEBBIT, Winnie's younger sister, now at home, was employed in a big shoe store on the Brixton High Road.

She was a very different type of girl from Winnie, not so pretty, but more amiable and possessing far more common sense.

All through the war she had preserved her equilibrium, carried on steadily in her employment with the result that she was now a forewoman of her particular department and earning two pounds per week.

She was a long pale girl with dark hair and a somewhat ungainly figure. Destined to be an old maid Winnie always told her, because she took no trouble to make herself look smart.

She was careful with her money, and after paying her mother a reasonable sum for her board saved all she could for herself, only buying such clothes as were necessary for her plain adornment.

Mrs. Tebbit had never allowed any of her wage-earning children to sponge on their parents. From the moment when the little boys went to work first, earning a few shillings on a milk or newspaper round, she had taken her toll of their earnings. In the early stages she gave it all back in clothing and food, but her argument was that you could not begin too soon to make children understand that they had a duty to their parents as well as to themselves. While very kind and motherly, she had been strict and just. The consequence was that they adored her and were always ready to pay their way. The boys she had trained to be good husbands and the girls to be good wives, with the exception of Winnie who had somehow broken away and defied all her efforts to make her march in the right direction.

But she was not through with Winnie yet. When Mabel arrived home on a Friday night and found that Winnie had really returned and taken possession of her old corner in the room they had shared as young girls she was not well pleased.

Mabel was orderly and tidy and had taken

a great deal of pride in her room after she got it to herself, decorating it according to her own taste.

Winnie was in the room when she entered it, sitting on the front of her bed rather disconsolately in a soiled kimono, her bare feet thrust into high-heeled shoes. The room was entirely littered with her belongings, Mrs. Tebbit having insisted on the boxes being carried right up without parley so as to relieve congestion below stairs.

"Hallo, Mab, got back, have you? You see I've turned up like a bad egg again," was Winnie's greeting.

"So I see," observed Mabel dryly as she drew off her wash-leather gloves, and after blowing out the fingers laid them carefully in the drawer.

"You don't say you're glad to see me," observed Winnie. "I must say there's a bit of dryness about the whole show here."

"What I want to know is when you're going to clear up this mess?" said Mabel with asperity. "I can't have my room like this, and I think mother might have consulted me first. I don't see why you couldn't have had Ernie's room and for him to go somewhere else. There isn't room in this hot weather for us two in this one."

"Oh, don't be a selfish cat, Mab!" said Winnie, drawing her feet up under her, prepared to defend herself and discuss the whole situation with the customary Tebbit candour. "After all, the place isn't yours. If Ma likes to have me back it's none of your business."

"But does she?"

"Well, she's let me come, anyway."

Mabel took off her hat, smoothed her straight hair and looked darkly across the space into her sister's face.

"I wonder you like to come back here like this, Win. I suppose he's chucked you?"

Winnie's colour rose and her eyes flashed fire at this outrageous suggestion.

"Like your cheek to say such a thing. I shan't trouble to explain. Mother knows perfectly well that I can go to Jack when I like. He's got a splendid place down at Portsmouth."

"We *don't* think," observed Mabel, with her thick black brows in the air. "You must think we're a pretty set of ninnies to be taken in with that. If Jack Sherston had the cash you'd be there right enough. Nothing will ever make me believe anything but that he's done the chucking."

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"I want to know where I'm to put my things," said Winnie loftily. "I want the half of that cupboard and the drawers I used to have. Oh, I know you've spread yourself, my dear, but I mean to have them all the same, so when will you clear out a bit, so that I can get my stuff out of my boxes?"

Mabel's answer was to bang out of the room and go down the steep stair with heavy feet. Bursting into the kitchen, she said angrily to her mother: "Ma, what I want to know is if I'm to give up my room to Win and take the back place as she made me do before. I pay good money for that room, and it isn't fair. Do you want me to clear out? Because if you do, own up. If you prefer Win as a parlour boarder, say so, and I'll go out sharp and look for another billet."

Mrs. Tebbit regarded her angry daughter with a benevolent smile such as she might have bestowed on a small unreasonable and tiresome child.

"Shet that door, Mabel, and set down 'ere."

Mabel shut the door but did not sit down. She stood in the middle of the kitchen regarding her mother stolidly, her mouth somewhat angrily set.

"Win's carrying on as if the whole place belonged to her, and I'm not having it, Ma, so you can choose. I've been a good gel to you and you jolly well know it. Haven't I paid up every Saturday as regular as the clock?"

"You have that, Mabel; you're one of the right sort, and no mistake. Don't be silly about Win. She ain't come to stop, only to git treatment."

Mrs. Tebbit chuckled as if she enjoyed both the joke and the prospect.

"Treatment!" repeated Mabel in a wondering voice. "Whatever do you mean, Ma?"

"Jes' what I ses. Win's a sick kid; she's got to be treated."

"She looks jolly well. She's quite fat, and what a colour! There isn't anything the matter with Win, Ma, and if she's saying there is, she's only trying to kid you."

"She ain't well 'ere, or 'ere—" observed Mrs. Tebbit, signifying first her head and then her heart. "She's got to be licked into shape. She's twenty-four years of age now, and ain't got no more sense than a babby. But I'll put some into 'er afore she's much older."

"But that doesn't help me about the room, Ma. You never saw such a mess, all the things lying about, and when she really gets going her powder and paints and muck of that sort will be standing about everywhere. And, as she's out of a job, will she pay?"

"She'll pay, my dear, or quit. She's rather flush of money jes' now, over wot she got for the things she sold at 'er flat. Try and put up wiv it for a little while. It won't be long, I promise yer, and as long as Win's 'ere I'll charge yer only 'arf. Nuthink could be fairer."

The suggestion mollified Mabel, for she was a careful soul.

"I'd rather pay and have the place to myself, mother, but I'll try and put up with her if she doesn't aggravate me too much. What I want to know is why she won't go to that nice husband of hers. Far too good for her I say, and it would serve her jolly well right if he took up with somebody else."

"I'll not say but what you're right, Mabel, but Jack, 'e ain't that sort. You leave Win to me. She's a bit upset to-day, for it's a bit of a come-down for 'er to come 'ome 'ere after all her fine goin's-on."

Mabel merely sniffed at that, all the avenues of her sympathy closed. She was a hard-working, careful soul, who could look on at the antics of a mad world without feeling the smallest desire to join in them. She had her mother's strong sense of duty, highly developed, and had absolutely no use for a person like Winnie, who thought only of herself and her own enjoyment.

It was, therefore, rather a merciless and searching atmosphere to which Winnie Sherston had voluntarily submitted herself. Family eyes are terribly clear, family tongues, especially in the regions of Paradise Grove, distressingly candid.

There was nobody now to pay Winnie either open or subtle compliments, or to offer her, even in jest, a place in the sun.

Before she had been many hours in the house she was made to feel that she was an outsider, a failure, one who had to be suffered and put up with, but neither admired nor imitated.

It might have been, and doubtless was, an excellent medicine for Winnie Sherston, but she found it none the less bitter to the taste.

"Tell you what, Ma," she said one morning as she was assisting in the family wash much against her will. "The girl that

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marries and thinks she can ever get back to her old place in her mother's house makes the biggest mistake in her life. I know."

"Well, o' course, w'en a gel gits married, w'y, then, she is married, and nobody don't want 'er comin' back like a returned letter. W'en thet 'appens, w'y then everybody knows that she ain't been a success as a wife."

"I suppose it could never by any chance be the man's fault?" suggested Winnie, with a cutting edge to her voice.

"Sometimes it mite," answered Mrs. Tebbit cautiously. "I'm not denyin' but that some men ain't all they oughter be. But a woman worth 'er salt sits tight an' tikes no notice. It's the on'y way in matrimony—Win, fer better fer wuss it is."

"Worse most of the time, from all that I can see," was Winnie's gloomy comment.

Mrs. Tebbit vigorously rubbed a nether garment up and down on the wash-board, with her pleasant mouth set in a very firm curve.

"Don't yer begin to tell me theer's anythink the matter wiv yore Jack, Win, becoss I won't stand it nohow. A finer chep never stepped in shoe leather; a proper genelman 'e is, from the crown of 'is 'ead to the sole of 'is feet, and so I tells 'im larst time 'e kissed me good-bye at the door."

Instantly Winnie was, so to speak, up in arms.

"When was that, mother? Has Jack been coming and going here, and me not knowing it?"

"I donno abart comin' an' goin'," observed Mrs. Tebbit with exceeding dryness.

"'E come 'ere t'other d'y w'en 'e was up in London, an' you wouldn't look at 'im. Came to see whether we thought it was his fault.

"No, my lad," ses I, and yore favver 'e chimes in, 'there ain't anythink to be laid to you, and you jes' go on as if Winnie didn't exist. She'll come to her senses, she will, and then it'll be up to you to do some straight talkin'."

"When was that, mother?" asked Winnie, pausing with her soapy hands on her hips, a favourite attitude of her mother's when she wished to be impressive. "There are things being kept from me by everybody, it seems."

Mrs. Tebbit smiled mysteriously into the wash-tub.

"I donno of any reason w'y Jack Sherston should not come to see his wife's folk et 'e 'as a mind to. As long as I'm alive

there'll be a knife an' fork for 'im, and a kiss w'en 'e wants it. Not above bein' kind an' good to 'is old muvver-in-law! Parin' the potatoes I was thet d'y 'e come, an' he set out there in the kitchen an' watched 'em boil, and smoked Dad's cigs, an' was like the son o' the 'ouse, as 'e oughter be."

"Laughing at you all the time, I don't doubt, and thinking you weren't good enough. I know Jack Sherston and all his disgusting people."

"There ain't anything disgusting about them that I can see. They're as kind as kind. Why, they've 'ad Sally Withers down to their grand place in the country. 'Twas Lily told me last Sunday w'en she was here to tea."

Then indeed did Winnie's brow darken and her stormy eyes flash fire.

"Had Sally down, have they? I tell you what, mother, that's a proper cat. Done her best to get a hold of my Jack, she has, having him to tea and all sorts of games at North Park Street; but I'll get even with her. I could tear her eyes out, I could."

Mrs. Tebbit smiled yet more broadly into the steamy depths of the wash-tub and rubbed in a very ecstasy of joy.

"Jellus, she is," she whispered to herself. "My 'at! now she'll come round quick enough." Outwardly she merely answered calmly, making pause for a moment to shake out the garment and regard it critically.

"Well, an' I don't blame either 'im or 'er. She's a little dear, is Sally Withers—one of the best. 'Er 'ead's screwed on right, an' 'er 'eart wheer it oughter be. If yore Jack runs off wiv Sally, there won't be nobody to blame but yourself."

Winnie bit her lips.

"I'll write to them down there and tell them what a proper little cat she is, and what's goin' on behind their backs."

"They wouldn't believe a word o' it, my dear. You'd on'y give yourself away. An' if they did believe it, I've no doubt they'd be very glad, for as I said, she's a little dear who thinks other folk 'ave as good a right to live as she has, and who ain't above 'elpin' them w'en she can."

Mrs. Tebbit, in her anxiety to drive this shaft home, was not too particular about the moral of her argument concerning the Sherstons' estimate of Sally Withers. She simply gloried in Winnie's anger, and the

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scowl on her face pleased her better than the merriest laugh could have done.

She was enjoying herself more than she had enjoyed herself since Winnie first came home.

"And as you're talkin', Win," she said suddenly, "I'm astin' w'en you're goin' out after anuvver job? I'm tired to death of 'avin' you sittin' round mopin' 'ere. Yore losin' yer looks too. Dad, 'e was on'y sayin' to me last nite, 'Win's lost all 'er colour, an' is goin' orf.' Was wot Ernie said, too, larst Sunday. Nobody ain't ever 'appy nor well wot ain't got any work to do, so my advice to you is to go out and seek a fresh job."

"I've been at one or two of the labour bureaux, mother, and they haven't got anything excepting service."

"Well, and w'y not? That would do yer a power o' good, Win, and, anyways, yore vittles would be shore."

Winnie's lip curled in ineffable disdain.

"I haven't sunk so low as that, mother, thank you. All the same, I'm hoping and expecting to have a lot of money soon."

"Where are you goin' to git it, eh?"

"A friend of mine has given me the straight tip. I'm putting a bit of the flat money on it, and if it comes out all right, why, then I can snap my fingers at everybody, and perhaps get a little piece of my own again—back on the Sherstons. I'm sorry now I gave the flat up. If I'd known what like it was going to be here I never would."

This pronouncement did not in the least disconcert Mrs. Tebbit. She had learned to discount at least the half of what Winnie said.

"You be careful, Win, remember yore Aunt Tilda, who carried on wot she called a system o' bettin' on 'orse-racin' an' uvver things, an' she would 'a' died in the workus on'y for Dad an' me. Tell you wot, you'd better 'and over wot money you've got either to me or Dad, and we'll take care of it fer you."

But this did not appeal to Winnie in the least.

"I wouldn't touch horse-racing. I know a thing or two beyond that, Ma. It's a French lottery I'm in, a big Government thing with big prizes. What would you say to ten thousand pounds for twenty?"

"I would say it's a lie," replied Mrs. Tebbit without a moment's hesitation. "It's somethink fer nuthink yore out after, me

dear, and you won't git it. You tike it fro' me, Win, everythink that's wuth 'avin' in this world 'as to be paid for good and straight. It's the only way to live. See how your favver and me work, and 'ow we've got on, an' brought up a nice fambly. The only black sheep in it's you."

"I'm a black sheep, am I?" said Winnie with a little hard laugh. "Now we know where we are. But that's a lie, if you like, mother. I've been as straight as a die, even all the time Jack Sherston left me to sink or swim when he was out there in the East enjoying himself."

This was more than Mrs. Tebbit could stand, for during that memorable visit from her son-in-law, which had served to knit her heart and faith to him by hooks of steel, she had wormed out of him some account of his war experience, and it had sunk into her big, kind heart, to linger there, deepened and intensified by a sense of the injustice which some men have to endure in silence.

"Tell you wot, Winnie Tebbit, if you can't say anythink except wot's lies, and nasty lies at that, about the decent chep you've married, w'y, you can go outen this scullery this minnit. It may be a small, mean plice, but it ain't big enuff for you an' me. I'm on Jack's side, and not on yours. I'm ashamed o' you and the way you're carryin' on, and wotever 'appens in the future, there'll be nobody to blame but you, so there. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"I suppose Jack abused me to you and told all that I've done and said, without saying a word about the way he carried on. I'll never forget it. He was like a death's head about the flat, and nothing will ever make me believe that he did his best to get work. If I were a man I'd show them."

"You make me tired, you do, Win. If you're through talk you can git, for I don't see you washin' much. I'm fed up wiv this. Wheer you oughter be is dahn Portsmouth way, cleanin' an' washin' an' cookin' vittles for your own 'us-band, like any uvver woman. I'm fed up, and won't s'y anuvver word."

Winnie returned gloomily to her part of the scullery, and the washing proceeded, if not merrily, at least more steadily.

They were through by dinner time, and Winnie hung the washing out in the little garden, not with the pride her mother took



"She crouched on the front seat, seeing nothing
of what was passing around her"—p. 1012

Drawn by
H. Coler

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in the simplest household duty, but merely as a necessary task that had to be gone through. After dinner she threw herself on her bed upstairs, slept heavily for about half an hour, then dressed herself in summer array and left the house. Half-way down the street she met the postman, whom she stopped and asked whether there were any letters for her.

Each day she hoped and half expected to receive a letter from Portsmouth, but the silence of the grave had descended on Jack Sherston where his wife was concerned.

At the back of her mind Winnie was beginning to realise that the whole consensus of public opinion was against her. She had had more than a glimpse into her mother's mind that morning over the wash-tub, and now was convinced that there was a conspiracy between her family and her husband to get her to Portsmouth.

She would go when and how it pleased her to go, not before. So she said again and again in the inner recesses of her mind, though her determination was being watered down by a kind of secret fear amounting almost to conviction that perhaps when her time came it might not be Jack's. Already she was regretting sharply the cavalier way she had treated him when he came up to take her to Portsmouth, and was casting about in her own mind for some easy and dignified way out of the impasse into which her own headstrong folly had placed her.

The postman had one letter for her, a long, thin, business-like epistle, the sight of which caused her to have an inward tremor.

She knew by its outward appearance that it had to do with the lottery, into which she had, on the advice of a foolish acquaintance, put the larger half of her little nest egg.

She thanked the postman, waited until he was safely up the little flagged path which led to the door of his next place of call, then, with her back to Paradise Grove, tore it open. Her face flushed hotly, then grew pale, finally ending in a kind of grey pallor which made her suddenly look old and faded and unattractive.

The news in the French missive was disastrous. The lottery figures were out, and Winnie had not been lucky enough to secure a winning number.

She had bought her chance from a woman

friend who wanted to part with it, and who had not been honest enough to explain to Winnie that she had been strongly advised to get rid of it, as the chances of success were very slight.

Twenty pounds had Winnie thrown away, and as she walked blindly down the street, clutching the message of doom in her clenched hand, she felt that all the foundations of her little world were tottering.

She got on the top of a motor omnibus waiting at the starting-point, and crouched on the front seat, seeing nothing of what was passing around her, but trying to figure out precisely where she stood now.

She had been about a month in her mother's house, and had been required to pay fifteen shillings every week for her board.

Then she spent a good deal outside, going to theatres and picture shows.

Having had, during the last three years, a little money to play about with, she had acquired the spending habit. She liked a box of chocolates when she felt like eating them, a new veil, a pair of fresh gloves, all the tempting oddments for feminine adornment which the shop windows set out to lure their feminine customers. And somehow the money had got frittered away.

She did not need to look into her purse. She knew it contained only a few shillings, and that in her jewel box at home there were three Treasury notes, just about sufficient to pay her way in her mother's house for three more weeks. She knew perfectly well that when the moment came that she could not pay her mother would be perfectly relentless, and would send her forth to work. In the intervening time something must be done. As the bus rumbled through the congested streets her eyes were everywhere arrested by the great glaring frontages of the picture houses, the show boards blazing with familiar names of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and all the favourite cinema stars.

She decided to lose no time, to go that very afternoon and inquire into the chances of getting an engagement as a film actress. Her pulses stirred at the thought, her eyes began to glow again, and her heart to uplift at the prospect of a splendid future in which she would achieve fame and success and earn money beyond the dream of avarice.

(End of Chapter Twenty)

Testing Children's Intelligence

Some New Methods

By

E. H. Allen

THE following passage, which is the invention of Dr. P. B. Ballard, a London County Council Inspector of Schools, contains a number of absurdities. What precisely are the number and nature of these absurdities?

A Sample Test

"John Carew lived in a small cottage which stood on the top of a barren hill and faced the east. From the foot of the hill a grassy plain stretched in every direction as far as the eye could see. On the evening of John's thirtieth birthday, while he was sitting on the front doorstep looking towards the setting sun and watching his shortening shadow on the gravel path, he suddenly became aware that a horseman was riding down to the cottage. The intervening trees and foliage made it difficult for him to see clearly, but he was able to perceive that the horseman had only one arm. When, however, he got a closer view he recognized that the visitor was his son William, who had left home to join the Army twenty years before, and had not been heard of since. On seeing his father, William immediately dismounted, ran towards him, threw his arms round his neck, and burst into tears."

There are seven absurdities:

1. He could not look towards the setting sun as the cottage faced east.
2. He would not see his shadow if he were looking sunwards.
3. His shadow would lengthen, not shorten.
4. The horseman was riding up, not down.
5. There were no intervening trees or foliage.
6. William could not have joined the Army twenty years before when his father was only ten.
7. He could not throw his arms round his father's neck since he had only one arm.

This intelligence test is intended for use with children of about ten years of age. A superlatively smart boy or girl of ten will discover every one of the seven absurdities,

others six and so on downwards to the poor child whose brain is not capable of finding even one. Some will call attention to errors that do not exist; like the small boy who said that "if a man burst he wouldn't burst into tears, anyhow." In order to discover the bright elementary school children who are deserving of a scholarship at a secondary school this test might take the place of the more usual formal examination—doing sums, writing composition, etc., etc.

For Finding Intelligence

For examinations are going out of fashion. It is now held that when we ask a child (or a man or woman for the matter of that) to write out the answers to a number of printed questions and judge him on the result, we are pursuing a very clumsy method of inquiry. The sharpest child does not always come best out of the test. Men and women who have won fame for great talents and even genius failed to shine in school examinations and were condemned as dullards by their teacher and fellow-pupils. Now educational scientists are beginning to use a surer, happier way—they are beginning to test *intelligence*.

The American Army used intelligence tests in the examination of recruits, and America has been much readier to adopt new methods in its schools than we more conservative folk on this side of the herring pond. The invasion by the new methods has only just begun, and readers of *THE QUIVER* will be able, I hope, after perusing this article, to follow its progress with understanding. It is more than feasible that some day posts in the business world for grown men and women will be filled according to the success with which candidates respond to a series of intelligence tests.

Everyday life, as we all know, tests intelligence very effectively, and the best intelligence tests applied to children are necessarily based on simple features of their life at school or in the home.

What are termed "catches" are in them-

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Fig. A (a)



Fig. A (b)

A cardboard oblong is cut in half, and the two pieces (a) laid in front of a child of five, who is asked to reconstruct the oblong (b)

selves admirable intelligence tests if properly classified and rightly applied.

Here are tests of the "catch" type that will roughly sort out the intelligent from the non-intelligent among little children.

"Who was the father of Lord Ullin's daughter?" you ask.

"A cheese weighs 6 pounds and half its own weight. What does it weigh?" (Answer 12 pounds, not 9.)

"If Christmas comes in March hold your right hand up."

Or you send a child to unlock a cupboard with a key that is ludicrously too large, or give him sevenpence and tell him to buy six penny stamps, and to inquire the price before actually making the purchase.

These are rough tests of intelligence and such merely serve to divide boys and girls into two great divisions—the sheep and the goats. For really valuable results the teacher who uses this method relies on a carefully graduated system of tests that enables him, it is claimed, to "place" a pupil (according to age) with no possibility of serious error.

A good test for a child of five is made by taking two cardboard oblongs of an equal size, and cutting one in half diagonally. Lay the two halves before the child (as above), show him the other whole oblong, and ask him to place the two halves together to form an oblong again.

This is one of the tests devised by Binet, the famous Frenchman, to whom tests of intelligence owe so much. Professor H. German in his book "The Measurement of Intelligence" says that to get a reliable re-

sult this test should be given if necessary three times, and the trial to be favourable to the child must show two successes out of three attempts.

An interesting test for a child of six is to show him a picture of a face or article with some essential feature lacking, as, for instance, Figures B and C below; or the investigator may ask an older child to arrange correctly the words

of a sentence printed so:

STILE CAT THE OVER JUMPED

all the words being printed in capitals so as to afford no help in finding the first word.



Fig. B

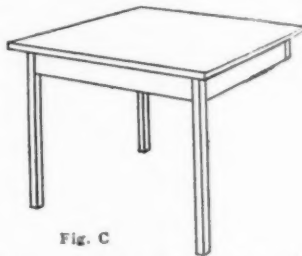


Fig. C

An intelligent child of six should be able to detect that a feature is missing in B, and a leg in C

For a child of eight a very pretty little problem is propounded as follows:

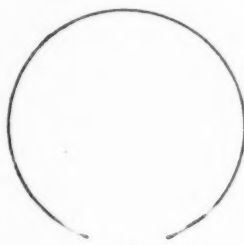


Fig. D

The circle represents a field surrounded by a wall. The child must suppose that his ball has gone over the wall into the field. He is asked to take a pencil and show how he would walk about the field to find his ball

A circle with a gap in its circumference is drawn. This represents a field with a wall round it, and the child is told to suppose that in play his ball has gone over the wall into the field. A pencil is placed in his hand and he is asked to mark on the paper the course he would take to find his ball.

The test is

TESTING CHILDREN'S INTELLIGENCE

successfully passed if some definite and reasonable plan is shown to be in the child's mind. The ideal way and one which a very intelligent child of eight instinctively finds is a concentric or corkscrew path: 1. Because the searcher does not retrace his footsteps. 2. Because the whole area is systematically covered.

A child of twelve to whom the same test is applied should show a much nearer approximation to this ideal if success is to be achieved.

Another of Binet's tests was to ask the subject (a child of fourteen) to imagine the hands of a clock showing a certain time and then to say what time they would indicate if

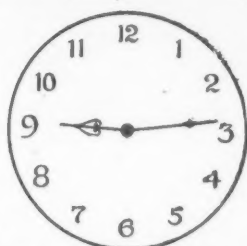
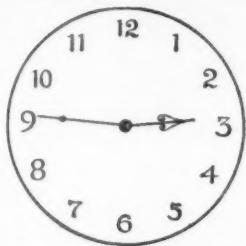


Fig. F

A child of fourteen is asked to imagine a clock showing the time to be 2.46. He is required to say (without looking at the clock) what the time would be if the hands changed places

fails—not necessarily because of a lack of intelligence but perhaps because he cannot make mental pictures with ease. None of these tests, by the way, is adequate if used alone.

But the intelligence of adults may certainly be tested in various ways. Tests which would be suitable for the adult are given also to exceptionally bright boys and girls who, children as far as physical age goes, may be mentally much older. One well-known test for grown-ups is the writing of two words in a certain code.

The code shown in Fig. G was used during the American Civil War.

The subject of the test is shown how, say, two simple words are spelled out according to the code, which is carefully explained to him. He is then asked to translate, perhaps, "British Empire" into the code.

According to Professor Terman he should do it in six minutes and without more than two errors, omission of a dot counting as half an error.

One of the most interesting and also oldest of all tests for adults is a paper-tearing one. A square piece of paper is taken and the subject bidden carefully to watch. The paper is then folded in half

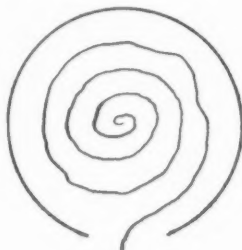


Fig. E

An Intelligent child of eight will instinctively hit upon some such plan as this

the hands were reversed, that is if the minute hand changed places with the hour hand. Question: The time is 2.46; what will it be if the two hands change places? The child is not allowed to look at a watch or clock before giving his answer. The reader may try this test on himself. An adult frequently

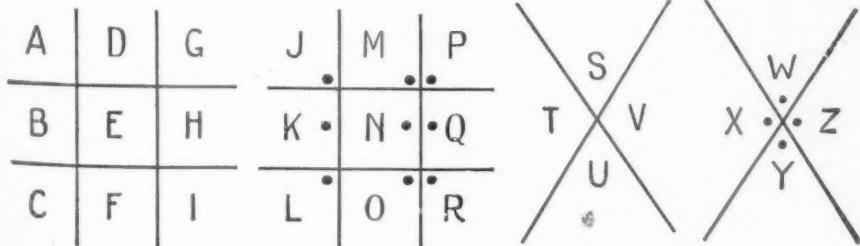


Fig. G

A code which is said to have been in use during the American Civil War

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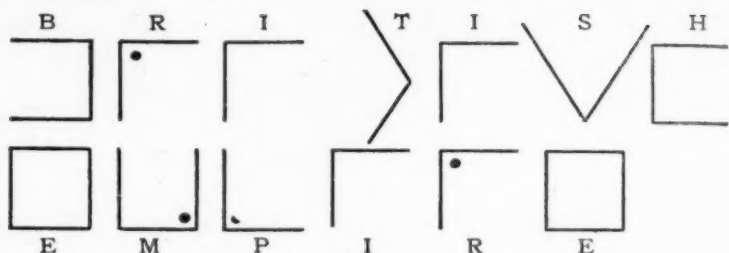


Fig. H

"British Empire" written in the code shown in Fig. G. This is a test for an adult and should be done in six minutes without more than two mistakes. The omission of a dot counts as half an error only

and then in half again the opposite way. Taking a pair of scissors the questioner then clips a piece from the side of the square with the single edge, and throws the fragment out of sight.

The subject is then presented with a piece of paper like the first and told to draw the outline and creases of the first sheet of paper and show the result of the cutting. The important things are the position and number of the holes. Their shape is immaterial.

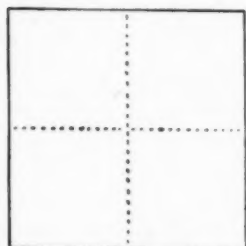


Fig. I

A Test for an Adult. A square piece of paper folded in half twice—

and a butcher's shop is on the left-hand side of the toy-shop. Is the butcher's shop on the left-hand side of the baker's shop or on the right-hand side of the baker's shop, or can't you tell? You must give reasons for your answer."

Adults may be asked to repeat seven or eight digits reversed. For example, the questioner, speaking very

These are but a few of the numerous tests devised by Binet and later investigators.

A reasoning test for children between eight and fourteen years of age runs:

"A toy-shop is on the left-hand side of a baker's shop

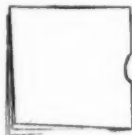


Fig. J

—When folded a piece is clipped out of the side with a single edge

distinctly, recites:

7 4 1 6 2 8

and the subject is required to answer:

8 2 6 1 4 7.

There are all kinds of queer problems for adult intelligence, and many attractive devices for childish minds to discover. The important thing to remember is that all such tests have been carefully graduated. They must be used in a certain way if the results are to be trustworthy and the instructions of the wise men who have built them into a science must be faithfully followed.

Readers of THE QUIVER who desire to know more of this fascinating subject may, in the first place, be referred to "The Measurement of Intelligence," by Terman (Harrap), and "Experimental Education," by Rusk (Longmans).

Enthusiasts look forward to the day when children will be allocated to certain callings according to the response they make to these tests and when great business houses will themselves test prospective employees and reject those who fail to reach the standard prescribed. A testimonial is not always truthful; an applicant sometimes bluffs his employer-to-be very successfully. The intelligence test, so its votaries say, is infallible.

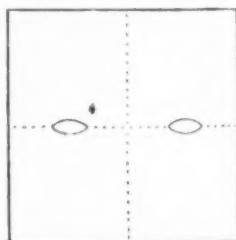


Fig. K

The correct answer to the test

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Beaded Trimmings

How they can be Adapted for Use on Dress, etc.

By Ellen T. Masters

BEADS—of every colour imaginable, of glass, wood, porcelain, amber, pulp, plaster, celluloid, metals, jet, jade, malachite, mixed materials, wax—indeed, of what are they not made? Their popularity is not likely to wane for a long time to come, and small wonder that no worker has the strength of mind to resist their many attractions. With the present love of originality in dress beads offer themselves too for arrangement in countless forms and designs on any and every material, not only for frocks and jumpers, but on hats and hand-bags, and for chains and girdles, veils and even gloves.

Ways of Managing Beads

The first stage of making trimmings consists in learning some pretty tricks and ways of managing the beads themselves. These tricks must depend greatly upon the nature of the background material, some being only suited for close, others for delicate fabrics.

In the illustration on page 1048 I am showing some of the most effective ways in which they may be used upon almost any material. It will be noted that rather large beads have been employed. For the sake of clearness they were white china upon a black background. This is a most popular combination, but it is well not to hold too slavishly to it. Three rows of beads were employed, those in the second line alternating with the beads in the first and third rows.

Beads are best when sewn with thread to match them in colour if the fabric is solid, but it is better to use black or white cotton (glacé by preference) on black or white, or any other that corresponds with the background when this is transparent.

How to Secure them

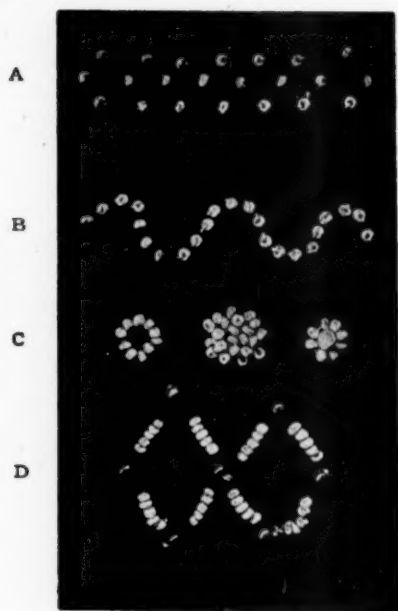
Opinions differ as to whether it is better to use ordinary running stitch or back-stitch for securing the beads. In any case, a back-stitch or two should be made now and then on the wrong side to hold them more firmly. Nothing looks more shabby than a smart garment with the beads dropping off, and it is, moreover, often inconvenient to repair it if it so happens that no extra beads are at hand.

Stronger thread is needed for glass or metal beads than for the china which have rounded edges and do not cut their string so quickly. Most of the shops dealing in such articles provide suitable thread and needles for the beads they sell.

The stitches must be so drawn up at the right tension that there are no loose threads hanging about the work, neither are the stitches so pulled up as to pucker the material. This matter is all the more important when the background is thin and limp, say voile or georgette.

To return to the illustration on page 1048, where at B it will be noted that the beads are sewn down rather more closely than at A. This way of using them is the most popular, for any running pattern that is not

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Four Methods of Bead Trimming that could be used on almost any kind of material

very cramped may be traced with excellent results. A space just the size of each bead should be left between them all. Nothing gives a better effect than this if a piece of work is wanted to be completed in a hurry. The colours of the beads should be rather sharply contrasted with the background to be a real success. Jet beads look admirable on white, navy blue on pale blue, or the reverse, grey china beads on almost any dark ground, crystal on white or any pale colour, and gold and steel are always telling.

Varied Circular Effects

At C there are three ways of managing the beads when small rounds are required. For the ring the end of the working thread should be firmly fixed to the back of the material, then brought out to the face. Beads of the number wanted to make the circle of the size liked should be passed on to the thread, and the needle is then carried down to the wrong side close to, if indeed not exactly through, the same hole that it was drawn out of at the beginning. The beads can then be stroked into place to make a symmetrical ring, and a stitch is

taken over the foundation thread between them to keep the design in place.

There is a closed ring beyond the centre in our detail in which the circle is filled with a larger bead of the same, or, if preferred, of a different colour from the rest. Sequins might be used in such positions if appropriate. The third design, for filling in centres of flowers and similar details, is simply covered with beads sewn on each separately, but set closely together. They may be varied or all alike in colour if this is liked better.

In D there is a rather more elaborate device. Here we have coral beads of the size of small peas sewn down according to the method shown in A, but nearly an inch apart. These beads are next connected with slanting lines of much smaller beads, which give the general effect of a network.

To Make a Bead Network

An actual network is not difficult to manage. I will suppose that it is meant to set free from the foundation material, say, upon the base of a fancy bag. First, sew down some of the larger beads, using a measure or a marked strip of card to ensure their being at the correct distance apart. For the second row bring the needle through the first bead of the line, pass on to the thread enough—perhaps seven small beads—to make a string about half an inch long, then a large one and seven small beads again. Pass the thread through the next large bead at the top and repeat all along. In the third row work in exactly the same way, always passing the needle through the larger bead above, after having made half a loop of the smaller ones. Some very pretty effects may be obtained in this manner by varying the colours.

In the illustration on the opposite page is seen a simple way of working a leaf design for ornamenting the corners of a yoke of a frock or jumper. The leaves are simply outlined with steel beads sewn down in a rather different way from the above method. They are all threaded first on a long string. The end of this is passed through to the wrong side and there made fast. The thread with the beads is then laid against the outlines of the design and a securing stitch with fine cotton is passed over it after every two or three beads. Readers who were experts in embroidery in the days when the proper materials were

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to be had inexpensively will see that this method of sewing down the beads is just the same as the way in which gold thread was secured to its foundation. In the model the beads forming the veins were sewn down each separately.

A Pretty Way of Attaching Beads

Writing of gold thread reminds me of a very pretty way of attaching beads. They are just strung on to fine gold thread, this being held down to the material with a tiny stitch taken over it between the beads which should be from a quarter to half an inch apart.

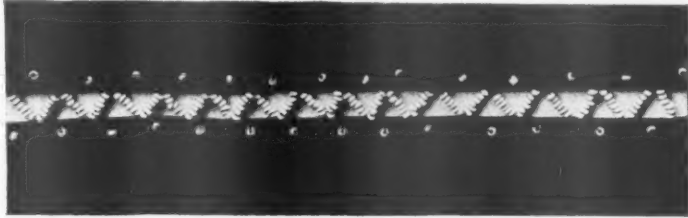
There is great scope for the decoration of the plain fronts of coat frocks and jumpers with beads, but I think we are all somewhat weary of the inevitable butterfly stiffly spread out and encrusted with beads. By way of a change there is the design in another of our illustrations which is a tempting field for the use of any number of pretty beads and pretty colours. With or without the scrolls at each end there is here an excellent device for a dress, or on ribbon or a band of silk it can be arranged as a charming trimming for a hat.



A Leaf Design for Ornamenting the Corners of a Yoke of a Frock or Jumper

How the Design is Made

The pattern consists of two large leaves flanked by smaller and less conspicuous shapes. The large leaves each have a line of good-sized crystal beads straight down the centre. Beyond these is an outlining of very small beads, and beyond these again are more small beads threaded on cotton and sewn down as above described with a stitch



An Example of Beaded Open Hem-stitching

after every three or four. Finally, we have an outlining of rather large beads of a totally different colour, so arranged that there is a space left free between them about the size of two beads.

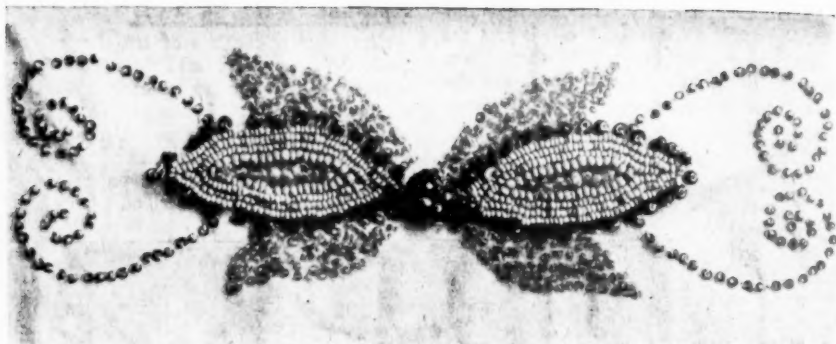
I am saying nothing about the colours to be used, because in this example every worker is absolutely free to employ any shade and make of bead that she fancies. The side leaves have no distinct outlining, but they are sprinkled over with beads, the foundation being allowed to show slightly between the beads.

The scrolls in the same way are merely run with beads set at their own size apart. The point at which the leaves meet in the centre was in the model occupied merely by one large Venetian bead.

Making Venetian Beads at Home

While writing about Venetian beads I will give my readers a useful hint concerning the making of them for themselves. Take a steel knitting-needle about No. 10 or 12, and rub a little oil over part of it—very little will do. Get some sealing-wax of any colour and twine it while hot round and round the greased part of the needle till a ball is made nearly as large as a hazelnut. Flatten it slightly on two sides. Then, while still warm—it is easily kept hot over a candle—press into it at irregular distances apart some tiny beads of several and any effective colours. There is no difficulty in just picking them up on the point of a needle and pressing them down into the warm wax with the blade of a penknife.

THE QUIVER



A Design that can be carried out very attractively in a Variety of Pretty Coloured Beads

When quite cool slip the wax off the knitting-needle, and there we have the pleasure of finding an excellent imitation of a Venetian bead costing far less and looking quite as well as the real thing.

Should the Venetian bead be found too heavy in the centre of this ornament, as will probably be the case if a hat trimming is required, its place may be taken by a more simple ring or a cluster of beads, such as those shown in C in the illustration on page 1048.

Beaded Hem-stitching

There is always more or less of a fancy for open hem-stitching, especially for the margins of jumpers, curved yokes and collars of blouses, and similar positions. Though this is generally done with silks a charming effect can also be obtained with beads.

To get a good result it is advisable to tack the two pieces of material, the edges being first turned down on the wrong side, on to a firm piece of paper or glazed linen.

When ready for the beading run the needle along inside the fold of one of the strips, securing it with a knot or some back stitches. Thread about six little beads, carry them across the opening slantwise, put the needle inside the fold, and bring it out about half an inch further along. Thread beads as before, take them across the space, run the needle into the fold, bring it out again, and so continue all along. In the model some of the same beads were sewn about half an inch apart down the sides of the folds, and this serves to keep them firmly in their places without the trouble of hemming the folds down in the first place.

Trimming for a Jumper

An example of what may be done by a girl with clever fingers who has but little to spend on her clothes is given in the illustration of a jumper, the original of which was made of soft black satin. The worker happened to be of a thrifty disposition and found it stowed away among the family hoards. It began life as a skirt, and, as it had seen some amount of wear and tear, it was necessary to make a few seams and joins here and there that, of course, would have been better if they had not existed. Still, there is great satisfaction in using up things to good advantage, and no doubt many of my readers, by hunting about, can find some half-forgotten treasures that can be beaded and turned into quite modern-looking little coatees and jumpers.

The shape chosen was just one of those that open and are snipped together down the back. The neck was rounded and the sleeves short and cut all in one with the rest. The back and front of the bodice part hung quite straight in tabard fashion, but on the hips were arranged two panels of stiff muslin covered with over-lapping *plissé* frills—quite the *dernier cri*—and few people would guess that they had once adorned the bottom of the skirt from which the rest of the jumper was cut.

Placing the Beads

When making such a jumper it is advisable first to finish it off completely—all the hems, seams and fastenings—then to put on the decorative part. In the original the hems round skirt and sides and edges of sleeves were simply sewn with beads arranged in groups of threes. The space between these just about equalled the space

NEEDLECRAFT

they themselves occupied on the material. In the lower edge of the middle of the back the worker allowed herself a little pointed ornament, also run with beads and finished with a jet stud about the size of a three-penny piece. This corresponded with the embroidery on the front of the bodice. As in the model, the background was black; the worker had chosen white china beads and more of the flat, cut jet studs. The former were arranged in a festoon-like design, the beads being threaded first and caught down with tiny stitches. In other parts they were sewn in threes.

There is many a transfer to be had that is suitable for the decoration of the front of such a jumper, but the lines are apt to show between the beads unless these are put on very close together. It is better, where possible, to get some white transfer linen or paper and to trace the design on to paper. The transfer material is first of all laid upon the material, and over it is fixed the pattern, this being secured with tiny pins or weights so that it cannot possibly slip. The lines of the design are then followed with a fine wooden point, dots only being made except in somewhat complicated details where these might not be sufficient.

When the papers are taken off the pattern should be quite plainly enough marked to enable the beads to be sewn on, especially if the original drawing is kept at hand for reference should any difficulty arise. In the model the beading was quite simple, the jet bosses adding greatly to the general effect. Something, if preferred, in the

style of the device shown on page 1050 will look exceedingly pretty in a mixture of colours. Coral beads are successful mixed with grey china, and turquoise with white.

Round the Neck

There is a finish round the neck that I have not as yet described. It gives the effect of a twist, and is suitable for almost any edge. After fastening the end of the thread firmly on the wrong side the needle is brought out about a quarter of an inch below the margin. Seven or eight beads are passed on to the thread and pushed close against the material. The needle is taken over to the wrong side and brought back to the front about half an inch further on—a shorter distance if the beads are very small. This makes a slanting stitch covered with beads, and the rest of the edge is worked over in the same way.

In the case of satin, like that chosen for this jumper, it is not necessary, but when many beads are to be used it is as well to strengthen the fabric somewhat by tacking a piece of muslin at the back of it. The edges of this should be cut away close up to the margin of the beading as soon as this is finished.

Some workers believe in rubbing a little gum and water over the stitches at the back of the work when otherwise completed in order that if in course of time the threads should give way no great number of beads will fall off, but will be held in their places. Such a finish is valuable in the case of crystal beads or small bugles, but the gum must be only sparingly used,



Showing the Effect of a Beaded Trimming on a Made-up Garment

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so as not to be visible on the right side.

For a Head-band

In a further illustration is shown an uncommon and yet easy method of using small beads for a head-band, or, with a little ornament at each end, for a hat trimming. In the model beads of four colours were employed, red, white, blue and pink, but it is easy enough to select any others that may be preferred. Rather fine cotton should be used for threading them, for it will be noticed from the description that two strands of this have to be passed through all the beads.

How it is Made

Take fifteen strands of the thread. Knot



A Beaded Head-band, the original of which was carried out in four colours

them all together at one end and pin the knot down to a firm cushion that is heavy enough to hold them conveniently. The pattern consists of horizontal stripes.

1st stripe.—Take the first strand at the left-hand side and pass on to it five red beads, pass the 2nd and 3rd, 4th and 5th, 6th and 7th, 8th and 9th, 10th and 11th, 12th and 13th, and then the 14th and 15th in the same way, each pair through five beads. There should be eight sets of beads altogether.

2nd stripe.—Take the 1st strand at the right-hand side and slip on to it 1 white,

1 blue, 1 white, 1 blue and 1 white bead. Take the next two strands and thread the same sort of beads on to them, and so continue to the end.

3rd stripe.—Use red beads again. Thread a single strand first at the left-hand side and then in pairs through five red beads, as in the 1st stripe.

4th stripe.—Take each pair of threads through five white beads, beginning with a single thread at the right-hand side.

5th stripe.—Like the 3rd, the single thread coming at the left hand side, but with blue beads.

6th stripe.—Like the 4th stripe exactly.

7th stripe.—Red beads.

8th stripe.—White beads.

9th stripe.—Blue.

10th stripe.—White.

11th stripe.—Red.

Repeat from the 2nd stripe. Notice that the single strand comes alternately at the right- and left-hand end of the band. Every alternate stripe in which the colours are mixed has, in the model, pink beads instead of the blue above described.

Fasten off the ends by knotting the threads together, and, if liked, add a loop of beads at each end through which a hairpin can be passed to secure the band to the hair.

Girdles for Jumpers

In the shops have appeared of late attractive-looking girdles for jumpers made in exactly the same way as this hair-band, but of much larger beads. These resemble small reeds or canes rather than any that are made of glass or heavier material. They are to be had in a variety of good colours in any of the shops at which a speciality is made of beads, and when once the method of arranging such bands has been learnt the amateur will find her task both easy and fascinating.



THEY PEOPLE

BY

H. MORTIMER
BATTEN



DANIEL DRAYTEN, of the Carajon Creek Trading Post, sat in his state-room attending the hundred and one minor things that confront a chief factor just prior to his annual trip to the southern times. The door opened and his son entered. Young David was not yet out of his teens, but already he promised to succeed his father as one of the ablest traders north of the Height of Land.

"Say, Dad," the youth began, "there's an Indian here wants cash for his beaver pelts, and won't take trade. What have I to do with him?"

"Tell him to pack out and come back when he's ready to conduct his business in the ordinary way," replied the factor without looking round.

"I've told him that already," replied the boy, "but he won't go. He's got some nice pelts too, and it's a pity to miss them."

"Can't help that," replied Daniel Drayten with his usual abruptness of manner. "This is a trading post, not a gin mill. Which way is he heading?"

"Dunno. South, I expect, towards the city."

"Yes," said Daniel, "and that's why he wants cash. It wouldn't be of any use to him if he were going back to his hunting range. No, my son. I once got an Indian

locked up, and it wouldn't have occurred except that some trader gave him cash when he was packing in for the city. That was eight years ago, when I was in the North-West Mounted, and the poor devil's still in jug."

The boy turned to go. "Oh, well, I'll show the man along, Dad, and you'd best talk to him," he said finally. "I don't know him—never seen him before."

Daniel Drayten grunted, and when a minute later the tall, dark heathen was shown in, the trader swung round on his pivot chair and looked the man up and down. He was thin, even for an Indian, and attired in much-worn city clothing. The only article about him that was worth anything were his moccasins, which he had evidently made himself at a recent date.

"What's your name?" Daniel Drayten fired out the question with the brisk crackle of an old soldier, but receiving no immediate response he again looked up to see the red man's gaze fixed upon him with sullen inquiry. It seemed for a moment to carry his mind back to some scene of the past, yet Daniel saw thousands of Indians yearly, many of them hailing from the most remote creeks, and could hardly be expected to remember every face. Certainly this cadaverous, wasted wreck of humanity

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might have visited the trading post before, but often a spell of hunger renders such men unrecognizable after a few months.

"John Serox," replied the Indian finally. He laid his bundle of pelts on the bench at the factor's side and began to turn them over with long, tapered fingers.

The trader did not know the name, so backed the first question by another: "Where you come from?" he inquired.

The Indian waved indefinitely towards the north, said that he was a Cree and belonged to Little Valley.

"You been in the city, ain't you?" Daniel asked, and the red man nodded gravely.

"And you're going back to the city, I guess?"

Again the Indian nodded.

The trader thrust the pelts aside. He had no use for city Indians who spend their time sitting on the sidewalks and spitting voluminously. He preferred the forest type, but had not very much use for any of them in the moral standard of things.

"Then take my tip and don't go," he said, knowing full well that the red man would not understand. "The cities are hell!" he pursued. "Hell even for a white man, and more hellish still for an Indian. We trade—not buy—take 'em away!"

The Indian took up his furs and stamped proudly out. He walked straight through the trade-room, ignoring young David's farewell salutation—ignoring even the gaudy crimson neckcloth young David held out as a peace-offering. Young David believed in treating the Indians well, and, moreover, he was anxious to engage the new-comer in conversation in order to find out what he could about the man.

At dawn next day Daniel Drayten, reclining in a mighty birch-bark with eight half-naked savages to propel it, took his departure southwards, leaving the trading post to the management of young David till he himself returned from those southern cities which he so much hated, yet from which he never seemed in any particular hurry to return. Towards sundown the same day young David jumped on his pony, and with a bundle of musquash and beaver traps dangling from the saddle set off for his usual constitutional. Like most backwoods youths, he indulged in a little trapping on his own, and made quite a good thing out of it, and though the season was early and fur not yet prime he had several sets scattered up and down the creeks.

He had not gone five hundred yards when he found that one of his musquash traps had been pulled out and tampered with. From all appearances a fur-beaver had been taken from it, and there on the plastic earth close to the set was the long oblong imprint of an Indian cowhide moccasin.

Now, when an Indian interferes with another man's trap it is a direct breach of an unwritten law which is more closely observed in the woods than most written laws, and the robbing of a trap in this way, leaving every evidence of the crime even to a clear impression of the foot, was obviously the picking of a quarrel. Indeed, had the thief struck David across the face his intentions could not have been more clear, and for a moment the young trader's natural anger was swallowed up by the mystery of it all.

Many a time, when less experienced, he had unwittingly offended an Indian, but so far as he could recall nothing of the kind had happened recently, and he had fondly imagined himself on the best of terms with everyone. Clearly, however, some Indian wished to quarrel with him, and to treat this indication with contempt was impossible, as those who understand the Indian temperament will appreciate.

Presently David remembered the tall, lank stranger who had visited the store yesterday, and immediately he saw daylight. Evidently his father had offended the brave, and this was the fellow's way of showing it. David smiled in a half-amused fashion, then he merely reset the trap, and on the imprint of the moccasined foot he placed an arrow, consisting of one straight stick for the shaft, and a shorter stick broken in the centre for the head, the arrow pointing in the direction of the trading post. This meant, "I have seen your challenge and invite you to come and see me." In the old days it would have meant, "Come and fight me!"

II

JOHN SEROX, as he called himself, was a man with a grievance—a grievance against the white race in general, and one member of it in particular. Eight years ago he had been sent to prison for breaking a law which he did not understand, a law constructed by the white man and having for its purpose nothing more useful—so thought John Serox—than the robbing of the red man of his

THY PEOPLE

ancient privileges. He hated the law which had robbed him of the prime of his manhood, but most of all he hated the man who had enforced it. John Serox had taken his arrest as a personal affair, and seven years of concentrated hell, amidst white men of the worst stamp, had served to strengthen his hatred of the law and his longing for vengeance against the man whose unhappy duty it had been to carry the law into force.

No, John Serox had not gone under with tuberculosis like so many of his fellows. His body was still sound, but his spirit was broken. His final release had meant nothing to him, for the ordinary interests in life were dead. For him the birds had ceased to sing, and there was no laughter in the rivers. He had tramped his way northwards, dull-eyed and listless, with the vague notion of returning to his own people who would have forgotten him. *They* upheld the white man's law because they had not run foul of it. They had been told by the priests and by the police that he, the outlaw, had done a shameful thing, and that his name henceforth must be unspeakable.

Dull-eyed and heavy, I say, John Serox was tramping back to his own land, which would hold no place for him. He had changed his name, partly to show that the man of the old name no longer lived, partly because he believed that a change of name would bring about some material change in himself. He did the thing formally at the water's edge, but he might have saved himself the trouble, for it did not bring back the laughter of the brooks or the song of the birds, and, anyway, the world had forgotten the old name.

At the railhead John was hungry, and, knowing no better, he went into the refreshment parlour, ordered coffee, and helped himself hungrily to the food on the counter, and when payment was demanded he had nothing with which to pay. Then the bar tender took up the empty cup and flung its dregs into the face of John Serox, and that counter-jumper

might have died but that an instant later John Serox found himself looking into the muzzle of a .450 Webley.

John Serox drifted into the employment of a white man who, like the rest, was up in that country sacrificing a certain term of years to make money—solely to make money. The white man promised to grubstake him in return for certain jobs, so that he could regain his own land in comfort. The Indian repaired a canoe, built a new window in the white man's cabin, renovated a tangled array of sled harness, and in return was fed on porridge and very cheap whisky, both of which made him ill. At the end of the month more promises were made if John would carry a bundle of mail to the railhead, so John went to the railhead, and when he returned he found only an empty cabin—white man, canoe, sled



"Like a flash John Serox knew that he had stepped into a beaver trap"—p. 1058

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harness, all gone. He then fired the cabin and betook himself to the woods, fearful of the white man's law which says, "If a white man robs or wrongs you, you must not fire his cabin or cut his throat, or do any of the things which are worth doing and which you know how to do. In fact, you must do nothing at all, because you are an Indian, and therefore cannot comprehend the things the law permits."

One day, John Serox, footsore and hungry, struck a Cree encampment, and whereas the white men, who had much, had cast him out, they, who had little, took him in. The young men gave him leather to make new moccasins, the old squaws brought him food, the young squaws showed him their babies. They talked in soft voices to him, and some of the music of life came trickling back as he sat in the warm fire-light with ruddy faces around him, the bright stars overhead, and the lone, sad call of a loon breaking now and then on the great stillness. The voices floated like atoms from another world, far and dim in the distance, a world towards which his feet were set, though his soul was too weary to gain it. Then the old bitterness returned, rank with the gall of hatred, for they told him, too, of the land he had loved, the land of his golden boyhood, the land for which he was heading, for which he was living, now in the hands of the white settler. They spoke of wondrous and mammoth machinery, they told with wonder in their eyes of hissing steam and of a great iron horse panting along the valley where he had trapped, but for John Serox these things held no wonder. They belonged to the world which he did not understand, the world at the wheel of which he himself had been broken, the world he hated and was trying to lose.

He asked about his own friends. Kiatsee, his father, "him sleep the long sleep." Matsese, his brother, "him go to Winnipeg. Him got many dogs and many dollars. Him live like a white man." And Takato—"little Takato, she go to trading post and work there for white factors. She got many beautiful clothes—Takato. Takato not married, but"—they said in effect that Takato was known to carry on violent flirtations with the white factor's son when the old man was out of sight.

Serox rose and went his way. His people did not exist—his own land did not exist. All had been appropriated by the white race,

and John Serox had nothing for which to live save his hatred of that race. He journeyed eastward, drawn magnetically in that direction. The Indians had spoken of a trading post, and of a woman whom they had called Takato. Serox had loved that woman—had loved her, I say—but that was in the golden age to which he no longer belonged. He did not realize that every age is golden, and that man's outlook only changes. To him the world had changed—it was no longer the same world. The analysis of himself was a thing beyond his power.

He went to the trading post. He dallied in the evening till the woman Takato appeared. It was sundown, and the soft, red light softened all things—all things but Takato. The magic scent of the balsam was in the air, the little brown bush bird sang its native song—the song of his youth. But Takato was changed. She was of the red race which changes quickly, and eight years had left their finger prints. She was no longer the Takato of his prison dreams—she was no longer a child.

Moreover, her clothing was different—such clothing! It belonged to the world Serox hated, the world he could not understand. She passed within nine feet as he stood under the tamaracs, and a crystal idol, the last of his poor, savage idols, shattered into a thousand fragments at his feet. He did not move and he did not speak, and she passed him by, but through his memory floated a vision of the Takato of long ago, of the quiet little games played in the sand, the games all Indian children play, and which he and Takato, the darling of the tepees, had played together. Of her shining eyes, radiant as the stream, and which, like the stream, reflected every passing cloud—of the shining eyes of Takato when they drew up the fish trap together or angled for the bass on the shores of Lake Taraga, known by some irony of fate as the Lake of Happy Promise. She belonged to the sunshine, that Takato of the past, the darling of the tepees, to the upper leaves of the forest; but to-night Serox saw Takato amidst the shadows of the pillars below, the shadows of the forest to which he now belonged, and in which he was indistinguishably lost.

He watched her pass, then for a moment the old savage law rose up in the soul of Serox. He would have caught her by the hair and beaten her—she, a usurper, a



"At dusk John Seiox and the girl Takato
sat side by side on the cedar landing stage"—p. 1059

Drawn by
Warwick Reynolds

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traitor like the rest; but the impulse was swallowed up by fear, fear of the white man's law, lurking even in his soul, crushing all things into submission even as he was crushed; the law which forbids an Indian to follow his own promptings, to uphold his own traditions, old as the stars, and by which not the fittest, but the low and despicable, are enabled to survive.

John Serox had learned to read a little. He could read one name, burned indelibly upon his memory in letters of fire—the name of Daniel Drayten. He read that name on a signed notice outside the trading post—"Daniel Drayten, Chief Factor."

Then it was that John Serox found something for which to live—the thing for which many an Indian has lived, and died—vengeance! Next day he sought and obtained an interview with Daniel Drayten, as we have seen. He wanted only to see the man and convince himself; he saw him, and was convinced.

Time had dealt leniently with Daniel Drayten. He was a fine man, and his meteor success with the great company had hardened little his features and added few autumnal tints to the hair of his head. He did not know the Indian, few would have known him; but the Indian knew him.

The mind of John Serox was made up. All his shattered mentality resolved itself into one savage purpose. Hitherto he had failed, but here he would succeed. He would slay the trader, and he would slay the trader's son!

Too late John Serox realized that he might have traded his pelts for a rifle and a few rounds of ammunition. That was where the red man came out. He realized it next morning when, lying under the shadow of the cedars, he saw the trader depart for the world of the south—saw him glide by within easy range of even such a rifle as Drayten would have traded him.

The Indian would have followed, but that he had no way of following, so thereafter he turned his attention towards the boy—the boy who was to marry Takato. Here something rose up in the soul of John Serox, perhaps his very manhood. The boy was only a boy, joyous in the golden age of life, as he himself had been ere he went to prison. He could not do the thing in cold blood. They must meet man to man, each with a fair understanding, and then—well, then, the fittest would survive.

When David Drayten found the sign

awaiting him that evening he little dreamt that it was a life or death affair. He gave the answering sign as we have seen, then cheerfully proceeded to forget all about the incident. Next evening he took his canoe and crossed the river, intent on visiting some musquash sets in the lonely beaver meadow across the way.

John Serox watched him go, and it occurred to the Indian that the lonely swamp was a suitable place for the meeting. He himself had no canoe with which to cross, but in places the creek had been partially dammed by the beavers, and was deep and sluggish.

John Serox chose one of these places, and, fully clothed, he stepped down at the beaver landing, when from the soft mud there rose a grip of steel, closing upon his moccasined foot, and like a flash John Serox knew that he had stepped into a beaver trap set just below the surface at the edge of deep water.

Long confinement had perhaps dulled the edge of the Indian's senses, for now, too late, he saw his error. The pain of the vice-like grip and the sudden detention of his foot threw him headlong into the depths beyond, where he sank heavily.

The trap was set in accordance with usual custom to catch and drown an imprisoned beaver. A trapped beaver instantly dives, and therefore the trap is attached by its interconnecting chain to a stake driven into the bed in the deep water beyond. At the bottom end of this stake a single snag is left, so that when the beaver dives the chain slips down the stake and over the snag, which effectually prevents the unhappy creature from rising, and so drowns it in the depths ere it can tear away its imprisoned limb.

So it was with Serox, who, by life's crowning irony, was caught in the trap set by the very man whom he had designed to kill. As Serox sank the chain slipped down the stake, and as the Indian rose he found himself fast to the bed of the pool!

Serox did not struggle or try to free himself. He knew the helplessness of his position. With one hand he clutched the stake and drew himself up till his face was clear of the surface, but by then the chain was taut, holding his imprisoned foot down in deep water. He dare not move lest the stake should yield, yet he could bring no force to bear to drag it from the clinging clay of the creek bed.

HAVE YOU A SONG?

For one hour Serox clung there, pierced through and through by the clinging cold. Then he felt himself sinking, and with the frantic strength of a drowning man he would have fought to free himself, but that in the silver moonlight he saw the figure of David Drayten on the opposite shore. He would have cried out, but his savage manhood forbade it. He was sinking again, and instinct bade him fight against that cold embrace of death. He struggled to free himself, and David Drayten saw the movement in the water.

When next John Serox opened his eyes he was in a bed in the trading post. David Drayten stood over him, and the girl Takato held something warm to his lips.

Then it was that the strength of John Serox crumbled away like a pack of cards—the strength that for eight long years had bound him steadfast in purpose, bidding him live when many an Indian would have perished. For five weeks he raged in delirium, and all that a sick man could desire the trading post found for him. But Takato it was who sat by his bed at night time, talking to him in the soft lingo of his tribe, which somehow bore the music of running waters and the song of birds; and with the passing of the fever dreams the love of life awoke in the soul of John Serox.

Spring was near. Again the wild geese honked and boomed their way across the heavens, and the velvet green of the woods was stirred by the Chinook winds. At dusk John Serox and the girl Takato sat side by side on the cedar landing stage. At their

feet was the painted prow of a native birch-bark, piled high with all the things an Indian needs when he hits the long trail for the lands the white man knows not. The fading light softened their features, infinite in its purity, boundless with the joy of life, endless in the youth of a world that cannot grow old.

Then John Serox spoke, and as he spoke the intervening years slipped out of time, and his youth, his glorious youth, was his again. He spoke slowly and gravely of the far-off hunting grounds whither he was bound where the trail of the trader's snowshoe was a thing unknown, and the crack of the white man's rifle never yet disturbed the twilight quietude.

After a time the girl answered with words as old as history. "My master," she said, "we have drunk deeply of the cup of the white race, and these things we have come to know. We know that the red man cannot be white, nor the white red, for deep waters lie between them. The Indian who tries to be white belongs not to the white race nor to the red. He belongs to no one, which is to everyone, and sorrow befalls him. My master goes to a far-off hunting land where the sun shines and the birds sing and the fat deer are in the grassy bays, and whither he goes I will follow. His land shall be my land, and his people my people. His children will I serve, and his word shall be my sacred law. Takato has spoken."

So northwards they turned together, and for them the birds sang and the sun shone, while around them the blossoms drifted.

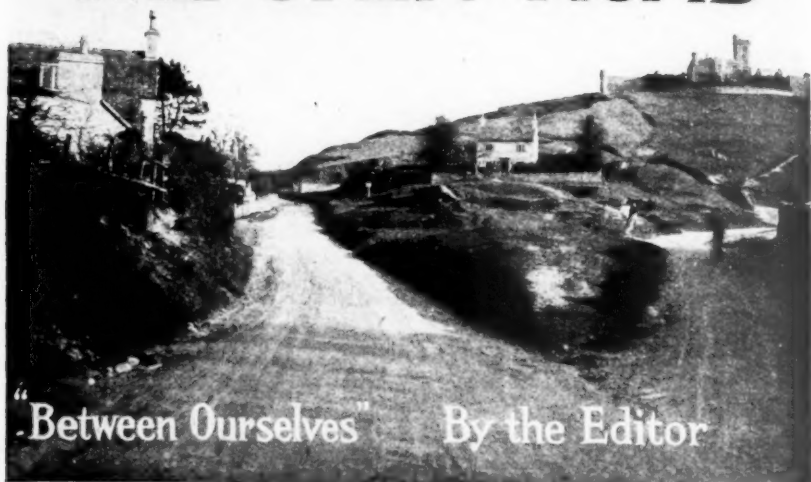
HAVE YOU A SONG IN YOUR HEART?

HAVE you a rose in your garden?
Set the gate open wide!
Let the fair sight and scent of it
Sweeten the hot noontide.
So shall the rose in memory live
When its petals have fallen and died.

Have you a song in your heart?
Sing, for the world to hear!
Sing of the dreams and tenderness
That every heart holds dear.
So shall the song live on, live on,
In many a heart, for cheer.

GRACE MARY GOLDEN

THE OPEN ROAD



"Between Ourselves" By the Editor

Photo: C. H. Chandler

After-Holiday Feelings

THE average person coming back from holidays is conscious of two feelings: one, the empty state of his purse, and the other, relief at being home again! Now, please, do not deny the soft impeachment—you, my reader, were honestly glad to set foot again on the old familiar doorstep and to sink into the old comfortable easy-chair in your own room. When once again we realize the comforts of our own households we wonder why we have gone and paid umpteen guineas a week for the privilege of being squeezed, cabined and confined in uncomfortable seaside quarters at the mercy of the ever-exacting landlady. Between ourselves, it is a good thing for most of us that there is work to come back to. A life full of holidays would be a life full of care and discontent.



A Motor Holiday

But this is not the way to go on. I have just come back from a very enjoyable trip through the West of England. We travelled by motor-car, covered a good deal of country, and did not find the cost more excessive than the average seaside holiday. I have not the slightest intention of inflicting on you the tale of the tour. Holiday

experiences grow weary in the telling—more especially to the hearer. But one cannot go through a trip of that description without noticing one or two signs of the times.



Signs of the Times

For one thing the thoughtful observer cannot but be struck on a tour like this by the changed conditions of the democracy. I do not mean merely such a thing as the earlier closing of shops, though it is most remarkable to the traveller to come to a town any time after seven, or even six, and find all the shops closed—not simply strange, but a trifle inconvenient sometimes! Not is this merely a question of the evening. Reach a busy place, say, at half-past one, and the town seems deserted—all the shops are closed for the dinner hour, and, should it in ill-luck be early-closing day, they will remain closed until the next morning. This, I may say, is only a trifle. But the traveller is impressed, and mightily impressed, when reaching such a place as Ilfracombe to find how largely it has been invaded by what in former times we should irreverently term the "tripper" element. One is not surprised at it at, say, Weston-super-Mare, but when one remembers the select and aristocratic

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Ilfracombe of older days one cannot but marvel at the change in the times to see its beach and tross merry with crowds of Welsh miners. The West Country, generally, bears testimony to the increased wealth and improved status of the working man in general and the Welsh miners in particular. At a time when the middle classes are feeling the pinch of things, and people are talking about the slump in trade, one can still go West and see the flood of gold spreading over the land. At Ilfracombe, of course, the Welsh trippers come by boat across the Bristol Channel. At other places they come by train or by char-à-banc. We stayed for a week-end at Cheddar, and it was a truly marvellous sight to watch the mid-day invasion of the char-à-banc. From Weston, Salisbury, Bournemouth, Bristol and many other places they came, and a remarkable feature was the fact that brake after brake contained men only—not holiday makers in the ordinary sense, but men out for a "little" joy-ride, leaving the "missus," the children—and work—behind for the day. The trip must have cost each of the men at least £1 for the fare alone, but this would be a small part of the outlay. Places like Cheddar and Weston-super-Mare are to-day on the banks of the river of gold, and, needless to say, know how to gather the pebbles off the enchanted shore.

Of course, it is far better for our working men to get a day in the fresh air on a char-à-banc than to spend the time and money in a public-house, but one cannot but wonder where the stream of gold really comes from and how long it will continue to flow. Can wages go up and up indefinitely, and can the hours of labour come down and down in correspondence? Where will it all end?



Of Enormous Significance

Apart from this side of the matter, one is greatly impressed with the enormous significance of road traffic. We went along the old roads by Wareham and Dorchester, sacred to the memory of Alfred and his Danish foes. The surface of the roads was rough, deep potted by heavy traffic. Right away up to Exeter, up steep hills and down again, through tortuous roads, everywhere one met the motor-lorry; the motor-lorry, the char-à-banc, the Ford car, these seem to divide the roads of the West Country between them. One evening at Cheddar I

walked to the railway station, and finding it closed managed to squeeze a way through on to the empty platform. The day had been a noisy one, chars-à-bancs from all parts making the roads lively as a London Bank Holiday. But here, a few minutes' walk from the town, the great, well-built station was empty, a silence as of the grave had descended upon the place. I walked across the railway lines, up over the deserted bridge, into the waiting rooms. All was still, uncannily quiet. I found the time-tables on the walls and read out the times of the trains—some four or five a day only, and the station looked as if it were built to satisfy the needs of a metropolis. Perhaps it was all right, quite normal that the business of the railway should be finished thus early in the day, and the station locked and barred, but on the road outside car after car passed on its way, the chars-à-bancs gave gay hoots as they left behind the track of their ancient rival. Somehow I got the feeling of the mythical New Zealander standing on London Bridge amid the ruins of a departed Empire.



Is the Railway Era Passing?

Is the era of the railway passing? When back in town again the talk was all on the higher railway rates, the increased fares. Of course, it is necessary that the railways should pay their way; the Government of the country ought not year after year to make up huge deficits on railway budgets, and so, of course, fares must go up. But, here again, one cannot but wonder how it will end. Already the road is a formidable rival to the railway. Goods can be sent cheaply and expeditiously by motor-lorry—and sent from door to door. By rail the goods have to be collected, transferred, re-packed. The wagons have to be shunted and reshunted, miles and miles of railway track are devoted year after year to empty wagons. The rates go up whilst the service deteriorates. In the meantime the motor comes along, collects the goods, takes them across country, anywhere, and races the locomotive easily. With passenger traffic it is much the same: there is now a regular service of motors between London and many of the coast towns, and, under the new fares, it will even be cheaper to travel by road than by train. But it is on the cross-country journey that the motor more particularly

THE QUIVER

scores. Who has not experienced the weariness of going a cross-country journey between two places only a few miles apart, but hours distant by rail? The motor-car goes direct, and, too, goes from door to door without bothering about stations and junctions.



The End of Cheap Travel

In the old pre-war days the railway could still afford to laugh at its new competitor. The statutory penny-a-mile was only the start of travelling economy. The half-day market ticket, the week-end fare, the day and fortnightly excursions, these all made extra facilities for cheap travel such as motors could not possibly provide. Why, one could be whisked away to Skegness in Lincolnshire for 3s., or spend the day at Brighton for a half-crown. And there was no question of Government subsidies either. Presumably the excursion train paid for itself. At a popular resort such as Bognor there would be perhaps twenty to forty special trains a day, in addition to a generous ordinary service.

When, in war-time, fares were raised and prices generally went up the public bought and travelled in increasing numbers. With fares up again, shall we have still more crowded trains? Or will it be that the public will flock to the roads instead of to the railways? These are questions of the future, full of interest for all of us.



A Slump in Profiteering?

Did you meet the profiteer when holiday-making? My experiences were varied, and, on the whole, reassuring. There are signs of a slump. One may now go into a shop and inquire the price before purchasing—and do it without a blush. Even in busy seaside resorts the shop assistants were attentive and courteous (which could not be said of their substitutes during war-time!). But profiteering varied with the place. It is still possible to get a holiday at reasonable cost—proportionate with the new scale of prices,

of course—if one avoids the more popular resorts nearer the great towns. The most extortionate place was a small, rather popular South Coast resort whose name perhaps I had better not mention. Here, at the most humble of cafés, the charge for tea would beat those of sumptuous West End hotels. The garage man, as he fleeced you for garage and charged fancy prices for a pint of oil, would smile sportingly as if to allow you, too, to see the humour of the thing. We stayed a few days in that place, and came to the conclusion that it was cheaper motoring along the highway than sitting on the beach of Profiteertown. We escaped financial disaster by fleeing in time.



Lack of Enterprise

A surprising reflection is how few people show any enterprise in their holiday-making. They are content to go to a well-known watering-place, to sit on the beach all day, listen to the band, and bear the cruel exactions of landladies and pleasure-mongers. Most of the crowds at most of the holiday centres are massed together like bees from a hive within a half-mile circle of the pier. Of course, if you must do what everybody else is doing, there are certain advantages you will enjoy—the society of your fellows and the efforts of the entertainers. But you will have to pay for it accordingly. Out away on the open road is more to see and more room to dwell. One of the disadvantages of dearer railway travel is that the nearer places are more greatly thronged—and more expensive in consequence. Go farther afield, avoid popular places where you can, and August if you can: follow the open road by foot or wheel, and there is variety, charm and enjoyment still to be had by the holiday-maker who shows enterprise. . . .

All the same, it is good to be back home and at work again!

The Editor



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BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

by
Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D.

Photo: R. A. Maiby

MAN AND THE UNSEEN WORLD

"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?"—Acts 1: 11.

THESE words were spoken, we are told, by two men in white apparel who were standing by. I am sure they meant it kindly. It would be quite intolerable to suppose that they did not know why these men of Galilee stood gazing up into heaven. If we could imagine for a moment that they spoke these words harshly or contemptuously, we should turn upon them with anger for interrupting with such stupidity the deep, pathetic yearning of the human heart. For here was a group of simple, unsophisticated people who had become aware of a great love for Jesus, and Jesus had been put to death, and all the lights had gone out. And then this same Jesus, who had been dead and buried, had in some mysterious way come back amongst them and had led them out to their native hills, and suddenly He had been lifted out of their sight, and now they were gazing up into the sky. If we could suppose, I repeat, that those two men in white apparel who asked men why they were looking up into the sky, asked for the sake of information, or in order to turn to nothingness the human grief and yearning, there would be only one feeling in our minds about these two men in white apparel. We should say that they ought to have held their peace; and in our

anger at them we might have gone on to say that in this dusty and dim-lit world of ours men in white apparel are of small value. Or if, by "men in white apparel," we are meant to understand that they were angels, we should still maintain our mood and say that truly God did well to charge His angels with folly!



The Strength of Hope

But it was with no such want of feeling that those two men in white apparel said what they did say. The likelihood rather is that they also felt the grief and the yearning; but in some way they were stronger than the others, having themselves under control and therefore wiser and more far-seeing. They said it not as meaning "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven? It is all over. We must make the best of what remains. We must forget." Not that at all. They said it rather as meaning, "It is all right. It is not all over. It has all just begun. But life is life, and He would not have us stand here making ourselves useless with grief. We must carry the fire of our love back with us to our life, letting our memories kindle into anticipations. We shall see Him again."

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The first thing that occurs to one to say is that this is certainly not the rebuke which we provoke to-day. The charge might rather be made against us all that we gaze too little up into heaven. We have obeyed with a dangerous thoroughness the call which has come to us from the criticism of the outside world to stop dealing in strange and supernatural things, and to turn our eyes upon the duties and responsibilities of actual life.

The word of the Lord, therefore, to which it might seem we have more reason to pay heed is that voice which calls us away from the burden and complexity of immediate things and bids us lift up our eyes unto the hills, and beyond the hills, to the stars.



Looking Upwards

The fact is, it is the same Lord of our life who speaks to us at one time in the one appeal, at another time in the other. There are times, junctures of circumstance, moods of the soul, fashions of thought, when our true wisdom is to attend to the voice which bids us recall ourselves from all speculations and devote ourselves to our tasks. And there are other times when, in order to continue in moral health, and to escape from the burden and hopelessness of life, our wisdom is to get away in spirit and imagination, to climb some rising ground, and there, all alone it may be or with some kindred spirits, look round about and far away, bathing our heads in the sunlight or the starlight, recovering our own threatened personality in long and steady thoughts of God and all things.

We must indeed take care that our religious life shall not become a thing of sentiment and speculation, gazing too fixedly at that sky which received the Glorified Body of our Lord. But we must take equal care that our religion does not lose itself in actual tasks of this world, however virtuous they may be.

Indeed, if there is any danger which threatens average men to-day it is not that religion with them is likely to become supernatural and other-worldly. It is that, supposing themselves to be incompetent for any rare feelings, they settle down to life, accepting the position that the unseen and supernatural are for the experts, and that for themselves plain duties are quite enough.

And yet, to say no more, even the plainest and most average man meets things in life which bring him to a standstill. The simplest man is not so simple as he thinks; nor is he so easily satisfied. Things happen which compel him also to think, to look beneath the surface; and, at such a time, he knows that it would be a fine thing if he

could look up and meet what he has to meet in the conscious friendship of God.

This world of ours without the sky is no place for a man. Man indeed will not live for long without the light and added motive, without the distraction or the inspiration of the sky. Where he does not let out his soul in faith to the great sky, and magnify himself in God, he inevitably proceeds to make some low-roofed sky of his own with manufactured lights and sensual music to replace the music of the stars. Man, in the long run, will have freedom for his spirit; he will protest against the mere mechanism of life, and, searching for this freedom, he will tend to look in one way rather than in another—he will look up, or he will look down, or he will look round about. As life deepens, the last way of escape seems to himself to be closed; and he knows that he must look up, and if he will not, or if he cannot, he must close his eyes and accept for himself the great misgiving.



How otherwise are we to explain what, according not to my report, which might be prejudiced, but according to the report of serious observers, is one main passion of our time—the passion for pleasure and forgetfulness? For surely even those who, like myself, strive to put the most generous interpretation upon human behaviour, cannot close their eyes to the almost universal revolt from seriousness and the greediness for change and joy which has swept over the face of the world.



The Danger of the Downward Look

Or how are you to interpret what has happened in souls of another quality which to-day abandon reason and good sense in a pseudo-religious pursuit of hidden secrets and forbidden knowledge, who consult mediums and invoke spirits for some light or spoken word from the region to which death introduces man? How are you to explain the rise and urgency of this abandonment unless in this way—that there lurk in man certain fluid and unorganized powers, capacities, tendencies which, if they have not their proper consecration and control—such as come from a conscious and reverent relation to a Holy God—break through the mechanisms of convention or of social usage, and will be satisfied though the way lead to the outrage of decency and sound reason?

There is no more dangerous animal on the face of this earth than is man when for even one generation he has dropped his eyes from the sky.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

The Age of Credulity

I referred just now to the revival of an interest in the unseen world of spirits. I cannot but think of that as an illustration of how extremes meet; an example of the law of inevitable oscillation in the spirit of a man until he commits himself to Christ. An age of unbelief is almost certainly followed by an age of credulity in its most tender spirits. When men suppose that they have succeeded in breaking with the Catholic tradition of Christ, what they have really done is to have made themselves ready to become the victims of some kind of panic. For it is normal and proper to a man that his most private life lie within some accepted discipline—such as communion with the Divine Being secures; and where such an innermost Control is absent the human heart lies open to infernal powers, to incarnations of its own passions or of its fears.



The Revival of the Occult

And so we shall be wise to regard this revival of the occult and abysmal as the excess and perversion of something natural and inevitable to man. It indicates how the wind is blowing. It is one way in which the spirit in man is announcing itself. It is a protest and warning for those who, in ignorance of history, would make plans for man which leave out of account this his most characteristic sign. Such plans will fail. But the mere experiment may be a costly one. It has just cost the human race seven and a half millions of men, most of them young, to repel one proposal of that kind.



But all this, I was saying, seems to mean that, although to a superficial observer it might appear that we modern men had lost our very faculty for any commerce with heaven, it is really not so. The deeper and truer fact of the matter would seem to be that in these very days of ours people here and there and everywhere are once more pausing in the business of their lives, even neglecting the business of their lives or misunderstanding it, and are gazing up into the sky.

We can understand also how such a mood should have come upon people as individuals, and upon people in groups in these very days. I spoke just now of seven and a half millions of men whom this war has hurried into the unseen. Each one in that incalculable host was dear to someone. That is to say, towards the place and state of being, however these may be conceived, to which each one of those millions has

gone, there are eyes straining, or they have been straining, or they will yet strain. That alone would account for the widespread preoccupation with the unseen.

That will account also for a certain lassitude of spirit, a certain wistfulness and sense of failure which threaten in these days those of us whom life during these recent years has broken and reduced.

Here we can interpret what may be passing in other minds by observing what is passing in our own. Now, there is no denying that the sudden withdrawal from our eyes of someone very dear to us has the effect—until we take a new and deeper hold on God and on ourselves—the effect of making life, the ordinary life of human beings, a shadowy and unreal thing to us. So much has gone and of such a kind that for a time what remains seems scarce worth while. We are tempted not indeed to curse life and become bitter, but simply to lose taste for it, and to take less interest in it. We shall go on doing our work, and it may very well be that the work we do shall be better and finer and truer than ever, for it will be less tainted with ambition. But—and this is the danger and temptation—we may lose our eagerness or our patience, accounting things of which others make much as of little moment in a world which has become for us a place of shadows, of memories and of hopes. And so we need to be on our guard lest a distaste for life should master us. We may be better men and women than before—sad indeed it would be were it not so—and yet from the highest point of view we may be in danger of falling into a subtle form of self-indulgence—I mean the indulgence of regret. For regret when it is strong merges into unbelief; and the yearning for what is beyond us, if it unfits us for life, is something which God cannot approve in us.



The Only Way

In this region, as everywhere, we rise from the sorrows of faith by the exercise of a still deeper faith. Frankly, I see no way by which wounded souls can honourably return to life, and resume with energy tasks which some shock has suspended, tasks which grief and the contrast of other days may well have made stale and burdensome, I see no way except by faith. And by faith I now mean something more vivid and solid than the mere vague sense that somehow all is well and will be well; or that there is at the least an equal chance that the best is that which shall happen to us all. I mean something more than that in this precarious and equivocal world, the balance on the whole tips towards the consolatory view. By faith here I mean faith in its simple and downright sense—the faith which the two

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men in white apparel urged upon those wistful souls who were gazing up into the sky if they might still trace the dear and definite shape of their loved one in the wide immensities: "this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come again in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."



Nature's Case-hardening

I know very well that even where no such robust and definite a faith is held, broken hearts and lives that have been disillusioned will heal and recover *somehow*. Nature will do her best. And time case-hardens us. Yes, but that is just the great danger: that we do not take our vision back with us into life; that we consent to going on somehow; that we allow ourselves to be satisfied with less from the side of God, and satisfied with less in our own personal reach and achievement. It is easy for any of us to go back in some kind of mind. For life sees to it that back we shall go. It is wonderful, too, how free from any bitterness they are who, having passed through experiences which have diminished their natural joys, return and mix with their fellows. But to go back to life still fresh, still eager, still grateful, rejoicing with those who rejoice, greeting the new generation with a cheer, not stiff or irksome in the joints of our mind, and yet all the while in contact with life on its deeper and graver level—that is the one sound victory over the world. That is the very task of faith. That is man's high calling. To gaze into heaven and then to take part in life. To have felt what we have felt and yet to be above it all by reason of our unconquerable hope in God: to "know Him in Whom we have put our trust, and that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day"—for this we were given the great opportunity of human life.



Two Things at One Time

We sometimes say that one cannot do two things at a time. What is plainly meant there is something true enough: but not very deep and hardly worth saying. A deeper and truer thing it would be to say that one cannot do only one thing at a time. Certainly one never really does one thing only at a time. It is a still surer certainty that one never does anything of great value to the world without at the very moment

doing something else. When we do a thing of value, a personal thing, a thing that adds to the glory of life, or makes for the music of the world, it is never by thinking mainly or at all about the thing itself, but always by associating it with something else or with someone else, be it a man or a woman or God, as when we sing at our work, or repeat some lofty lines as we urge our way through the night; or as when in this tragic and disappointing world (for it is the very glory of a man that in the long run life shall fail him and disappoint him) we nevertheless will live and will live greatly as seeing Him Who is invisible.



The Quotation

Last comes the cackler of the brood, our chit Who, aping wisdom all beyond his years, Thinks to discard humanity itself: Fares like the beast which should affect to fly Because a bird with wings may spurn the ground, So missing heaven and losing earth—drops how But hell-ward? No, be man and nothing more— Man who, as man conceiving, hopes and fears, And craves and deprecates, and loves and loathes, And bids God help him, till death touch his eyes And show God granted most, denying all.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES: THE FAMILY.



Prayer

Our Father in Heaven. Thou hast made us and not we ourselves: therefore do we put our trust in Thee. In the emergencies of our human experience, in the solitudes to which life and our own thoughts lead us, we are prompted to lift up our eyes, to let go some last resistance of pride or of doubt and to take into our heart One Who we dimly feel is there waiting to help us. Do Thou by the pressure and illumination of Thy Good Spirit, take away, in such an hour when it comes to us, that last resistance, and dispose us to throw open the door of our most personal life to Thee, as to One Who is no stranger, but our Friend, in Whose abiding Fellowship is our Completeness and our Peace: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



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COVENTRY—2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.
WOLVERHAMPTON—35 Dudley



The Beauty of Perfect Health

A skin soft and clear, a face radiant with the delicate glow of health, eyes that reflect more forcibly than words *the joy of living!* These are the gifts of perfect health and may be yours—by the simple means of taking, first thing every morning, a glass of water with a dash of Eno.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

"Creates Clear Complexions"

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.
Price 3/- per bottle (P.A.T.A.)

The words "Fruit Salt" are our registered Trade Mark, and denote the preparation of J. C. ENO, Ltd., "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E. If you have any difficulty in obtaining regular supplies of Eno's Fruit Salt, send us the name and address of your nearest Chemist or Store.

The
Eno Symbol



of
Happiness

PASTIMES THAT PAY

An Open Market for New Writers

THERE are hundreds of men and women who could write better stories and articles than some of those which appear in the magazines and other papers, and it is very surprising how few of them make any attempt to invade a field of endeavour so rich in harvest.

The *Daily Mail* usually pays £3 3s. od. each for the short articles of about 500 words which are a feature of the literary page of that paper, and many of the magazines pay £3 3s. od. per thousand words for stories.

Many people do not try because they have an idea that to succeed they must penetrate some magic circle which encompasses the literary world. Others, who do try, overlook the necessity of studying the requirements of the papers to which they attempt to contribute: although their work may possess undoubted merit, it fails for technical reasons which are beyond the knowledge of those who have never learnt the ropes.

There is no magic circle. There was never a more open market than there is to-day. Editors are on the look out for new writers of promise, and constantly go out of their way to encourage them. And as for the technical details, these can be learnt easily and without drudgery.

To help the beginner to avoid the pitfalls that lie between success and failure is the object and work of The Premier School of Journalism.

At this School pupils can attend a course of personal classes where they come into direct personal touch with a well-known and practical journalist, himself a wide contributor of 20 years' experience.

Prizes of ten and five guineas are offered to those who pass first and second in the examination with which this course concludes.

For those who cannot attend the classes, the School has evolved a scheme of Postal Tuition which includes—as far as is humanly possible—the best features of personal tuition, pupil and teacher being kept in touch with each other in such a way that a bond of friendship and sympathy is quickly established between them.

It is this personal element in the School's methods which leads to such happy results. One pupil earned over £400 within six months of starting the course; another earned £700 within ten months. Several are earning, as free-lances, regular incomes of from £6 to £15 a week. During recent months pupils of the School have had accepted 328 contributions in *Magazines and Periodicals* and 225 in the *Literary Columns of the Leading Newspapers*.

Write for the Prospectus to The Principal,
The Premier School of Journalism,
11 Gt. Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.1.

THE QUIVER ARMY OF HELPERS

CONDUCTED BY MRS R. H. LOCK
(BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF)

The Enchanted Island

Ceylon.

MY DEAR HELPERS,—I have sojourned in this enchanted island for several months now, and every day its fascinations hold me in a tighter grip. Every day, too, I regret to add, I find my energies lessen, and I become more of a lotus-eater than I believed possible. There is some excuse, for I am spending the greater part of the hot weather in Colombo. "Why don't you come up-country?" ask the friends who are living at altitudes of 4,000 to 6,000 feet. "It is quite frosty in the early mornings, and you will have a hot water bottle at night. You must be frizzling in Colombo."

"That's just what I've come out here to do—frizzle," I have replied to all these kind and hospitable people. "You don't think I've travelled seven thousand miles to escape the cold in order to seek out frosts and hot water bottles? No, Colombo may be a little too hot at times, but it's a fault on the right side."

So, except for a fortnight spent among hospitable friends "up-country," I have revelled in the sunshine of Colombo.

It is so difficult to convey to those who have never travelled eastward the atmosphere and the life of this island. At home most of us feel we are very small cogs in the wheel. Here, although it is all on a small scale, one is in the centre of things. It was Caesar, I believe, who said he would sooner be first in a village than second in Rome. I sympathize with Caesar. I do not mean by this statement that I have been made Governor of Ceylon, or that I was received with a salute of guns on my arrival. But I realize fully once more that in a small place one is in touch with everything that is happening—one knows the people who are running the island. Its politics, its administration all go under one's eyes. One seems

to have one's finger on the pulse of things, and though that pulse may not beat so fast as in England, still to me the running of any country is full of vital interest.

Apart from this phase of Ceylon life, there are two other characteristics which appeal to me—the sociability and the hospitality. The difficulties of meeting friends in England seem to grow greater every year. Travelling is so expensive, everyone is so busy, servants are unobtainable, so that only people with large establishments are able to have guests staying with them. Whereas in Ceylon friends are always in touch. In Colombo there are the clubs where tennis and golf draw everyone together. Each outstation has its club, so has each planting district. And in Ceylon you can get servants (I can see the look of envy that must creep over the faces of my readers). Moreover, they like visitors to come to the bungalow. They think it adds to its prestige. It sounds like a fairy-tale, does it not? Some day I will discourse at length on the Ceylon servant, and you will marvel still more.

Hospitality therefore flourishes in Ceylon, and to me, fresh from home, it is astounding to be invited by comparative strangers to stay a week and by friends to stay for months. The other day, in response to an invitation, I suggested coming for four days. My hostess was horrified. "It's not worth while," she said. In England, now, I remember the faint way, in which people would say—

"Won't you come in to dinner one day this week? I'm afraid Thursday is the only possible evening, for then the 'help' will stay on to oblige, and our maids won't mind the extra work."

I do not say this in a spirit of unpleasantness either towards mistress or maid. It is a sign and a development of the times. Domestic service was made so irksome to

THE QUIVER

young girls up till a few years ago that now they are determined to make their own terms—and enjoy life too. In the past years there was no provision made for their amusement, no consideration made for their youth.

Moreover, in the East service is still regarded as a labour of love, and a "good master" (as the natives say) is usually surrounded by good "boys." This means a degree of comfort and luxury for the visitor that is a perpetual source of delight to those returned from the difficulties and discomforts produced by the war. It has its humorous side too. I shall not forget the look of reproach on the face of Antony, the appu (head boy) of a friend of mine, when he saw me about to carry my hat-box upstairs. It was as if the Mikado had attempted to set his foot on the ground and do up his own boots. He removed it from my hand and delegated the task to the second boy. I wished Antony could have seen me trying to pull a box out of the van at Waterloo. Still more do I wish he had been there to help me!

As a proof of the devotion of native servants I must quote the case of friends of mine who came on leave last year. Their head boy wanted to come with them, but they decided it was too expensive to pay his fare. So poor Banda bade them "adieu" on the quay with streaming eyes, salaaming till the tender was out of sight.

A few weeks after their arrival they received a telegram from the docks stating that Banda had worked his passage home and hoped "lady" and "master" would be glad to see him. "Glad" does not describe their state of mind. They had been struggling in a flat with an adverse charwoman. Banda came, saw and took entire charge of the establishment. Their lives were untroubled by any domestic difficulties from that day till they said "good-bye" to England and set their faces eastward again.

News from England

My enthusiasm for Ceylon must not make you think that I am losing interest in the old country. I receive from my sister from time to time with the greatest pleasure kind letters and messages from THE QUIVER Helpers, and also hear from her and others of the procession of events in England in letters, whose stamps incidentally have changed colour since I left home. My large corre-

spondence makes the twopenny post a quite formidable innovation! When I hear of a soaking Ascot Sunday, a dripping and depleted Henley, and a "soaker" on the morning of the much-looked-forward-to Varsity match, I am afraid I am again inclined to break out into praise of another little island with a less erratic weather scheme.

"Philip" Goes Out into the World

It is very gratifying to read the following letter from Mrs. Robson, the organizing secretary of the Young People's Union:

"You will be interested to hear that 'Philip,' having reached a suitable age, has now left the Farningham Home. He wished to become an engineer, and so has been placed with a firm, and we are glad to hear that he is giving satisfaction and that he likes his work very much. 'Philip's' mother asks me to thank you and, through you, all THE QUIVER Helpers, for their interest and their kindness in contributing to 'Philip's' support while he was at Farningham."

News of a "Quiver" Boat

I am with pleasure printing this interesting letter:

"The Tyne Station,
The Missions to Seamen Institute,
Dunston-on-Tyne,

June 3, 1920.

DEAR MADAM,—It may perhaps be interesting to THE QUIVER Army of Helpers to know that we use one of THE QUIVER boats in our work of ship visiting at Dunston.

Knowing, then, that the boat was a present from your magazine, I am sure many of the helpers would be pleased to send books and magazines for distribution on board ship.

We are also preparing to hold a bazaar later on in the year for the purpose of extending our operations, which some might like to help by sending wool or anything useful.

It would give us the greatest possible pleasure to find that we had found friends in your Army and to be able to send them our sincere thanks.—I am, yours faithfully,

S. OSBORNE
(Missioner-in-Charge)."

A batch of books received at the office from kind helpers was dispatched to Mr. Osborne, but readers may wish to send parcels direct from time to time and also to help the proposed bazaar.

"S. S."

A writer signing herself "S. S." sent me some very interesting cuttings and verses, but I fear lack of space prevents my using them as she suggests, so I do not feel

THE QUIVER

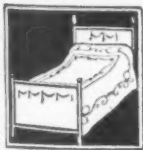
Its absolute purity and its delightfully delicious flavour make "Laitova" the popular favourite with the children. Mothers welcome it too: it's so economical—much cheaper than butter. And it is most wholesome and nutritious, containing just those food elements that growing children require. Don't be put off with substitutes; see that you get

Laitova
Lemon Cheese

The daily spread for the children's bread.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd.,
MANCHESTER

Robinson & Cleaver's IRISH LINEN SHEETS & Pillow Cases



may be depended upon for long and lasting service. They are offered at makers' prices.

BLEACHED LINEN SHEETS:
2 x 3 yds. ... pair 171/7
2 1/2 x 3 yds. ... pair 213/7
PILLOW CASES to match:
20 x 30 ins. ... each 13/11

Illustrated Linen List 36C sent post free on request.
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD.,
BELFAST.

C. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd., CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



Neither Scratch
nor Spurt.

Attention is
also drawn to the
**NEW PATENT
ANTI-BLOTTING
PENS.** Sample Box of
either series, 10 1/2d.

Works: BIRMINGHAM.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124 NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.
1349

Please help to maintain the
many activities of

THE CHURCH ARMY

for uplifting those who have
fallen in Life's Struggle.

OUR SOCIAL AND EVANGELISTIC EFFORTS,
including branches for men still serving,
and for Ex-service men needing assistance,
also for uplifting Discharged Prisoners,
Mission Vans and Mission in Prisons, Work-
houses and Slums, Women's Hostels and
Clubs, etc., etc.,
GREATLY NEED INCREASED SUPPORT.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED.

CONTRIBUTIONS (crossed "Barclays, a/c Church
Army") will be gratefully received by PREBENDARY
CARLILE, D.D., Church Army Headquarters, Bryan-
ston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

Quick Relief in Cases of 'Flu'

The familiar symptoms of
Influenza Cold—Sneezing, Catarrh,
Headache, Drowsiness—quickly relieved by

DR. MACKENZIE'S SMELLING BOTTLE

Cures Catarrh or Cold in the Head in a
few hours, and gives instant relief in
case of Nervous Headache, Faintness
or Giddiness.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/- or
post free in United Kingdom
2/3 (stamp), from Mackenzie's
Laboratories, Ltd., Reading.

Refuse worthless
imitations.



Outdoor Work for Women demands correct
attire—Boots that keep feet dry all day.
Oileskins and Sou'-westers that defy wet.
The Beacon Booklet describes reliable
keep-you-dry-all-day wear for Women.

BEACON OILSKINS

NEVER GO STICKY OR LET IN THE WET.
Money back on full if they fail to satisfy.

This **Rute Coat** (illustrated) will keep you
dry and comfortable in a solid week of wet.
It is made of light, smooth Oileskin, with wide
skirt, Raglan shoulders, belt at back, inner
storm cuffs, and two big pockets. **38/6**

In colours, **42/6**. Rute—colour Oileskin flat,
adjustable hem, **9/6**; Rubie—Wellington,
tween **21/-**. Postage free U.K. Extra abroad.

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE,

describing guaranteed Oileskins, Country
Boots, Rubber Boots, &c., for Men, Women,
and Children. Send a p.c. for it to-day to
BARBOURS, Ltd., 58 Beacon
Buildings, South Shields, Eng.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS



*BUT THERE ARE NO LITTLE HELPS
THAT HELP LIKE*

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

justified in keeping them. If she will send me her address I will return them.

Many Thanks

I have a very nice letter from the lady with a delicate husband and several children, in the course of which she says:

"Will you please give my very sincerest thanks to 'K.' Snowdon, for the 10s. so very kindly sent me through THE QUIVER Army of Helpers? It was such an unexpected piece of good fortune, and I need not tell you what a help it will be. It will enable me to get some things which were very badly needed, and which I was quite unable to purchase. I cannot tell you how grateful I am."

Miss Emily M. Butler, Crab Hill, South Nutfield, Surrey, writes:

"Thanks to your so very kindly inserting my letter (re used Christmas cards), I have received most generous supplies from some of the readers of THE QUIVER, but as I can dispose of any quantity I am always ready for as many as I can get."

Miss Abeille and others also wrote about the kind response with which their appeals for Christmas cards had met. Parcels of wool were, as ever, very gratefully received; books, too, gave a great deal of pleasure and comfort. Miss Shirley, who I am sorry to say is very ill again, wrote:

"I write to thank you so much for parcel of books received Tuesday. Will you please forgive me not writing sooner? I have been so poorly again. I do pray and hope for recovery; five years' constant illness will tell on anyone, I think. I am more than pleased to receive books; they help one to forget for a time."

Children's Clothes Always Welcome

I had an appeal from a girl of fourteen, one of eight children of a widowed mother, for some clothes in which to start work, but there were none suitable in our cupboard. Clothes for children are always wanted, for there are too many widows who do not benefit by any wages but those they earn themselves.

A Generous Gift

A very generous contribution of two guineas was received from the Guild of St. John of Beverley for the Deaf, which I mentioned in the August number, towards the fund for Miss Chapman's School for the Deaf in Burma.

Mr. Dalton's Holiday Postponed

Mr. Dalton's many friends will be very sorry to hear that a sudden attack of illness

prevented him from leaving for his holiday on the appointed day, but my latest news is to the effect that he hoped to get off in a few days' time. The delay was a great disappointment, but I hope this was soon forgotten in the delights and interests of a thorough change. No better greeting could welcome him on his return than a batch of orders for the needlebooks and bags he makes so cleverly.

Things Wanted

Wool and "pieces" are still in demand by workers in various excellent causes, and I quote one of many similar letters:

"Just received your large parcel of wool, for which receive our very best thanks. It is good of you to remember us. I cannot say how really grateful we are for it. If at any time you should have any pieces of material or scraps of lace or ribbon to spare, perhaps you will kindly think of us."

My appeal for children's clothes for the headmistress of a school in a very poor district has so far met with no response. I know that in these days it is necessary to cling to anything wearable till the last possible moment; but if at any time readers have any frocks, overalls, etc., to dispose of they will, I am sure, remember where they will be appreciated.

The Postbag

As usual, I have a long list of those who have sent deeply appreciated gifts of all kinds, letters, etc.:

Mrs. Swanson, Mrs. McInnes, Miss Abeille, Mrs. James Grant, Mrs. Hartley, Mrs. Wanger, "E.," E. R. Clarke, Mrs. Walston, J. Chapman, H. Dougan, Miss A. G. Lean, Miss Lindsay, Miss Handford, Miss Cooke, P. Guthrie, Miss Willshaw, "A Reader of THE QUIVER," Miss E. Roe, Miss Olive Nixon, Miss M. L. Scott, Miss Langford, Mrs. Rowe, H. Ball, the Misses McKenzie, Miss McGaw, Miss Jackson, "A Lover of Books," Mrs. Drewitt, Miss Dolly Robinson, Misses J. and M. Ballantyne, Mrs. Bayles, R. Warren, Mrs. Severs, Mrs. Liddiard, J. E. McNaughton, Miss Violet M. Methley, "H. D." (books), Miss Handford, Mrs. A., "Mother of a Brave Scotch-Canadian," Mrs. Stanley, Miss Dolly Robinson, Mrs. C. Heslop, Miss Ena Bennett, Mrs. Bonhote, Mrs. Margaret Grant, Miss E. Jessie Phipps, Miss Eades, Mrs. Desborough, O. Williams.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF
(MRS. R. H. LOCK)



A Discussion—Art Competition—Results of the School Story and Photography Competitions

WOULD you like to be an editor? Most people would love to sit in the editorial chair if only for one number, so I am asking my readers this month to try their hand on "My Ideal Magazine." Just say what features you would include if you edited a magazine for a month or so. Two prizes will be awarded as usual, viz.: Ten shillings to the seniors (over 18) and a Book to the juniors (18 and under).

The Art Competition

For the Art Competition this month I have decided to ask you to illustrate one of the advertisements which appear in this present number. It is a subject that you have not had for some long time now, and it is one which generally brings forth some very pleasing results. The work in this instance should be carried out in black and white, not colour. I shall award a Ten-Shilling Prize to the seniors and a Five-Shilling Prize to the juniors.

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Competitor's name, age, and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.
3. Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition.
4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope *large enough to contain it*. Brown paper and string, wrappers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelope are insufficient.

5. All entries must be received at this office by September 23, 1920. They should be addressed "Competition Editor," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Results of the June Competitions

Literary

A SCHOOL STORY

There was quite a delightful lot of stories in for this competition, and, what was more pleasing, the standard of work on the whole was rather higher than usual.

The prize in the senior division goes to E. D. IVES, whose story is printed below.

The following competitors are highly commended for the stories they sent in:

Dora Barr Chapman, Dorothy M. Shirley, M. V. Tufnell, Daisy Mickman, J. N. Smith, Catherine Agnes Park, Mary A. Faid, Gladys E. M. Lincoln, Gwendolen Leijonhufvud.

COMMENDED.—Marjorie Bell, G. Trowt, Doris Howard, Mary White, Mary Christine Matthews, L. E. Bartlett, Ivy Reeves.

DALBOY'S DREAM

There was great excitement among the boys of the upper forms of Halsbury College. The Easter vacation was over and the boys were re-assembling, some willingly, some disagreeably, some treating themselves with the idea that life, especially at Halsbury, was a jest, but all with that paramount thought that "We will play the game!"

Halsbury was a large, rambling building situated near a pretty bend of the River Nene. Boating and rowing were the principal sports, though cricket and football were by no means neglected; but the river was the greatest attraction to seniors and juniors alike, and even a few athletically inclined masters. For had not Nelson



Beautiful Women of Fiction.

TRILBY is one of the most fascinating of Beautiful Women. Readers of Du Maurier's book know the enchantment of her story. Trilby was beautiful, and it was the memory of her beauty, no less than the nobleness and simplicity of her character, that kept her a vivid reality when, as the famous La Svengali, she was lost to the three friends; and only returned but again to say goodbye.

Much of the fascination of beauty comes from the charm of a radiantly clear complexion, of exquisite colouring—a complexion such as results from the daily use of Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream. This delightful cream cools, refreshes and protects the skin in all weathers—at all times. It is packed in dainty pots and tubes so that it can be carried in the handbag. Slip a pot or tube into yours.

Pots, 1/3. Tubes, 7½d. & 1/-

Royal Vinolia Soap is exquisitely refreshing, and used with Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream adds another charm to the Toilet. Delicately Perfumed.
2/- per Box containing 3 Tablets.

Trilby.

"There was no sight worth looking at in all Paris but Trilby . . . no other Princess in the world; no smile but hers . . ."

George du Maurier.

Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream



VINOLIA COMPANY LTD., LONDON.

RS V 856-23

THE QUIVER

Mellin's Food

Builds Sturdy Children

Mellin's Food rears delicate children from birth onwards to sturdy growth, maintains the standard of health in thriving children. Easily assimilated and highly nourishing, it is the only reliable substitute for mother's milk. Recommended by doctors and nurses for over fifty years.

A valuable booklet for Mothers and Sample of Mellin's Food on receipt of 6d. stamps on application to—

MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD., PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.15.

TWILIGHT SLEEP NURSING HOMES LD.

Twilight Sleep painless maternity is a boon which should be accorded to every mother and child. Prospective parents are invited to call or write for illustrated booklet of the leading Twilight Sleep Home in Great Britain. Resident Physician. Best equipped. Most comfortable.

Recommended by the medical profession.

LADY SECRETARY (Box 43), Bushey Lodge, TEDDINGTON, MIDDLESEX.

BLUSHING Shyness, Timidity, Cured in a Week

That is the plain straightforward statement I have to make. In just one week, quite simply and privately at home, you can be cured and made fit to take your place in the world against all competitors. My System of Treatment has proved its efficacy in cases unnumbered. It positively cures **Blushing, Bashfulness and Nervous Timidity**, because it develops **Nerve Control, Will Power**, and that splendid confidence in yourself which enables you to compete successfully in the race of life. **Don't go on blushing**—don't be content to remain in the same old rut while others—perhaps less worthy than yourself—get the good position. **Write to me to-day, now**, and let me send you—free in plain envelope—my book and full particulars. Address—**E. S. DEAN, Ltd., 12 All Saints Road, St. Annes-on-Sea.**

Keenolia

HAIR ALWAYS SMART

"Keenolia" Hair Cream applied in the morning keeps the most unruly head of hair in perfect order till night—fixes and feeds the hair. Makes it soft and glossy without leaving it sticky, matted or greasy. Nourishes; promotes prolific growth. Eradicates dandruff.

"KEENOLIA HAIR CREAM"

A splendid tonic, delicately perfumed; is preferable to Hair Tonics, Pomade, &c. Any hair weakness vanishes when "Keenolia" is applied. Sold in bottles 1/3 and 2/-, of all Chemists and Hairdressers, or direct, post free, from **The Casson Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. 6), 44a Westbourne Grove, London, W.2.**



KOPS LIME JUICE CORDIAL. LEMON SQUASH.

Delicious cooling drinks made in an instant with plain or aerated water.

No sugar needed.

Get a bottle to-day.

KOPS CO., ALBANY ROAD, S.E.5.

Barley Water is good for your health—


but make certain the barley is pure.

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THE QUIVER

them on Monday morning, and they did not leave his possession until the time for the examination. But I have another word or two to say.

"While condoling with Wethersby on the loss of the scholarship, I have just received a letter from Sir Ralph Wethersby, his father, asking that his son should leave Halsbury immediately to take up a position as secretary to the Governor of Gibraltar, which had been offered him."

Wethersby, who had been looking glum, started up.

"You're n-n-not j-j-joking, sir?" he stuttered.

"Certainly not!" cried the Head, with some asperity. "And now dismiss!"

Wethersby's face cleared, for a foreign appointment had long been his ambition, and he shook hands warmly with Manley.

"It's an unexpected ending for the scholarship," said Wethersby, "but I am glad you won, and the most singular part is Dalboy's dream."

It was not so marvellous, however, as it seemed when, before Wethersby's departure, it all came out. Dalboy, it appeared, had an uncle living at Hastings, and the day preceding the dream he had sent his nephew 10s. The gourmand Dalboy had expended this sum on doughnuts and ginger beer *ad libitum*—Crichton had not been invited to the feast lest the extra tuck should interfere with his studies—with the result that his night's rest was by no means peaceful, and undoubtedly a great fight had taken place among his digestive organs.

For with the coming of dawn Dalboy had fought his battle, with buns as ammunition, by the side of Harold on the sands of Hastings!

E. D. IVES.

The prize in the junior division is awarded to G. HAROLD HILL, aged 16 years.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.—Julian L. Meltzer, Gordon Butterworth, Janet Addie, Tom Meek, Mary Eugenie Astley, Alice Huckle, Dorothy Lee, Eileen G. Thompson, Barbara L. N. Thouless, Mary Dickson Burnie, Tom Robinson.

COMMENDED.—Mabel Marwick, Muriel Smith, Nannie McKenzie, E. Josephine Howarth, Gladys Fansett, Hylda Boyd, Christine Mills, Frances E. Judge, Dorothy Hudson, Grace Hazel, Muriel Joyce Stringer, Dorothy M. Carpenter, Marjorie Greenway, Grace D. Green, Kathleen Page, Molly Clayton, Ella Turner, Marjorie Brothwell, Winnie Reading, Elsie Roberts, Mary Garnett, Edith Clarke, Florence Smith, Ruby Turner, Maud Lee, Florence Hesketh, T. Annie Wall, Ada Bennett, Eleanor Dilks, Annie Evans, Hazell Organ, Edith Carnell, Nellie Horton, G. Jane Roberts.

Photography Competition

There were many distinctly pleasing entries for our Photography Competition this month, especially in the higher division. The prize in this division has been awarded to W. B. ARTHUR, JUNR., for a very commendable piece of work which showed the greatest care in execution.

Besides the prize-winner, however, I should like to make special mention of Joseph J. Thompson, Marjorie Burston, T. C. D. Jarvis, Gertrude M. Smith, and Kathleen Woolley, all of whom achieved decidedly good results.

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COMMENDED.—B. R. Craig, Harold Couch, E. Haden, Margaret Bourne, Dolly Scouloudi, Muriel Ivson, Gladys Sandford, Irene Scouloudi, Dorothy Whitcombe, Margaret E. Holmes, Rita Kathleen Patrick.



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